

Phenomena Magazine August 2015 - Issue 76



EDITORIAL

Dear All, well the Phenomena Project is steaming ahead with excellent results; keep an eye out for regular updates in the magazine, which rather conveniently leads me to this. Along with the advent of increased awareness of paranormal phenomena (and phones with cameras), there has come an increase in images supposedly showing everything from ghosts to 'portals' and 'vortices' where the other side interfaces with our own. All well and good, but how valid are these images? As the editor of this magazine I receive many of these pictures every week and in every case I process them using diagnostic software which analyses the metadata, in fact all those who are involved in evaluating them do, they have to. In almost every case (but vitally not all), the results indicate that the original jpeg has been 'photoshopped' or otherwise modified and enhanced in some way. This renders the image, irrespective of how good it looks, as, at best, unreliable. These who send in these images do so for many reasons, but all are invariably most unhappy to be told that their offering may have been faked. Sad but true, but fortunately none of this applies to the ongoing Phenomena Project which I know to be genuine...



Brian Allan: UK Editor.

PHENOMENA MAGAZINE

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THIS MONTHS CONTRIBUTORS

Steve Mera, Brian Allan, Mike Oram, John Pickering, John Prytz,
Nigel C. Wright, Paul Dale Roberts, Archie Lawrie, Michael Reuel,
Timothy Green Beckley, Nick Gutteridge, Rachel Moss, Tim Barlass,
Jonathan Vankin, Kristal Brent Zook, David Weatherly.

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Construction & Design: Founder: Steve Mera **s_mera@yahoo.com**

UK Editor Contact:
Brian Allan
Paratec7@aol.com

Spanish Editor Contact: Dario Fernandez info@e-nigmas.com.ar

PHENOMENA MAGAZINE HEAD OFFICE 17, Redburn Road, Baguley, Wythenshawe, Manchester,

M23 1AH, United Kingdom. Tel: 07866 685835 WWW.PHENOMENAMAGAZINE.CO.UK

The PM Team

Sotiris at STRANGEFILES.ME, Danial Verdon at UREI, Randy at UFOSTORE.COM, Dario Fernandez at e-nigmas / portal de lo paranormal.

Rockstand Distributors - India, Lavinia Pallott - Distributor: Italy, Tim at UFOTV, Main Distribution Steve Mera & Brian Allan, Reporter Jackie Heighway, Reporter / Photographer Rodney Howarth, Jamie Williams Graphic Designer, Distributor Robert Snow, & Australian Correspondent & Reporter Dan Monroe.

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There have been many pilots who have died in the course of flying their aircraft, and their deaths have not involved UFOs. On the other hand, there have (by now) been thousands of encounters between pilots and UFOs that have not involved death. However, there appears to be an intersection between these two categories. The phrase 'unidentified flying objects' suggests that UFOs have an affinity with our terrestrial pilots - i.e. both fly and seem to share our airspace. John Prytz delves into reports of UFOs seen by pilots...

Page 09: Are 'we' the ghost, or are they?: Nigel C. Wright.

Hi everyone! In this brief article I outline a theory about ghosts, which I have been thinking about for quite some time now. For hundreds of years now the argument about just what ghosts are has rumbled on in paranormal and religious circles. In this approach to the subject I attempt to apply a new way of thinking about this tricky matter. Is it right? Are we totally wrong when we assume that ghosts are the souls of the departed? Maybe!... Nigel C. Wright leaves it up to you to decide.

Page 15: Three in a Bed - The case of the Snoring Man: By Archie Lawrie.

All cases I investigate (this one took place o the Scottish Borders) I find interesting, but some cases are, by their very nature, more interesting than others and as this one is such an outstanding case I will deal with it in a more thorough manner. In that way dedicated researchers can glean more details from it than usual, thus enabling them to better form their own opinions as to the merits of the case. Archie Lawrie describes the strange goings on in this fascinating case...

Page 23: Mount Shasta - Mystical Mecca: By Paul Dale Roberts.

Legend has it that the last of the Lemurians migrated to the underground caverns of Mount Shasta. There have been reports that mystical beings have been seen wearing robes coming out of the caverns. They are described as tall, having what appears to be a third eye on their forehead. Reports say that they have pale skin. In 1962, Roger Hemmings and a group of camping friends saw three robed men come out of a cavern and descend down the mountain. A very odd mystery... that Paul Dale Roberts looks in to.

Page 31: From Disappointment to Discovery: By Michael Reuel.

According to writer Michael Reuel, most attempts at writing ghost stories lead to 'drab and unsatisfying' conclusions. So why would he write one for his first published work?, I asked. To say there is quite an array of ghostly goings-on in 'Not Far From Aviemore' is something of an understatement. Demonology, manifestations and the occult are applied in many blatant and surreptitious ways that give no impression of timidity over the subject matter. Yet it turns out that being there was a complete surprise to Reuel. 'I guess a good story draws you in,' he replied...

Page 35: UFO and Paranormal News from around the world: By Varied Authors.

Each month Phenomena Magazine picks some of the most interesting news items that have appeared throughout the world, such as UFO sightings, Crop Circles, Ghostly encounters, Science and NASA news, Conspiracies, Supernatural occurrences, mysteries, strange creatures and cryptozoology, fortean events and the profound. If you have an interesting news item, then please feel free to send it over to Phenomena Magazine and we would be pleased to include it.

Page 39: Island of the Dolls: By David Weatherly.

This new article shares a strange resonance with the propensity of people to try to assuage unquiet sprits with gifts. One example can be seen in the world famous 'Mary Kings Close' in Edinburgh, where visitors to the attraction, which is situated on Edinburgh's 'Royal Mile', have left many gifts of toys (mainly dolls) as gifts for the spirit of a little girl who is said to have died in one particular room in the 'Close'. This practice can also often be seen in cemeteries where toys are often left on the graves of young children.

Page 45: And Away We Go ...: By Timothy Green Beckley.

Taken out of the realm of urban myth, this twice told tale can finally be confirmed! Yes, indeed, it's time to set the record straight, thanks to a little help from an expatriate friend of mine now residing with his family in the UK. For years, rumors had swirled about in UFOlogical circles that the late comedian Jackie Gleason was among a handful who had witnessed something so rare and so bizarre that their experience defies rationality to the point where utter disbelief sets in and the story has got to be denied in order to keep one's sanity. Timothy Green Beckley explains...

AUTHORS

John Prytz



Nigel C. Wrigh



Archie Lawr



Paul Dale Robert



Michael Reuel



Varied Authors



David Weatherly



Timothy Green Beckley



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PIOTS and UFOS Flying the Deadly Skies

There have been many pilots who have died in the course of flying their aircraft, quite apart from those killed in battle, and their deaths have not involved UFOs. On the other hand, there have (by now) been thousands of encounters between pilots and UFOs that have not involved death. However, there appears to be an intersection between these two categories. The phrase 'unidentified flying objects' suggests that UFOs have an affinity with our terrestrial pilots i.e. both fly and seem to share our airspace. Thus, terrestrial pilots should have seen and reported a goodly proportion of UFO events. And that indeed is the case. There's been many an interesting close encounter between military, commercial and private pilots. No great news there. However, there have been several UFO incidents that have resulted in the death or disappearance (and presumed death) of the pilot(s) and sometimes crew too. That ratchets up the seriousness ante quite considerably.

UFO sightings by airline pilots (military, civilian, and private) now number in the thousands. Unfortunately, there have been instances of pilots who have died or who have gone missing (presumed dead) while witnessing, pursuing or otherwise involved with some form or other of UFO-related activity. That alone suggests that UFOs are not only a serious business, but also at times a deadly business.

The list of pilot encounters with UFOs is now so extensive that it would take several book length volumes to adequately cover the subject. There is however that deadly subset of those pilot-related encounters. Here are a few of the better known case histories and fortunately, to the best of my knowledge, they are relatively few.

MAURY ISLAND INCIDENT (1947): This incident is only indirectly related to €pilots and UFOs' insofar as it involves an alleged UFO incident and the death of two military officers piloting a military aircraft, but there was no direct encounter between the UFO and the aircraft. While there is a massive amount of material related to the Maury Island Incident, from conspiracy theories and cover-ups to threats by the Men in Black, to the disappearance of witnesses and

evidence (photographs), even something approaching an outright hoax that ended up involving several of the early pioneers in the €flying saucer' business, most of that story isn't relevant to the deaths of the military officers and is omitted here.

The basic tale revolves around Harold A. Dahl, his son Charles, and a dog. They were all out boating near Maury Island in Puget Sound near Tacoma Washington on or about the 21st of June 1947 (which actually precedes the €official' beginnings of the modern UFO era by a few days). They claimed to have spotted an overhead fleet of what we'd now call (doughnutshaped) UFOs flying in formation and surrounding another UFO which seemed to be having some sort of difficulty.

Via a roundabout route, two military (Army Air Corps) intelligence officers were ultimately called in to investigate.

The two investigating officers, Captain William L. Davidson and Lieutenant Frank M. Brown of Army A-2 Intelligence, arrived and conducted interviews and obtained samples of the €slag' before boarding and piloting their B-25 aircraft, destination Hamilton Field in California.

The plane carrying the two investigators and the slag crashed near Kelso, Washington, shortly after leaving Tacoma, killing both men. Two others on board, one an aircrew the other a military €hitchhiker', Sergeant Elmer L. Taft and Technical Sergeant Woodrow D. Matthews survived by parachuting from the airplane after it lost its left wing and the tail section due to a fire in the left engine.

An FBI report into the incident noted that investigators from McChord Field near Tacoma had investigated the wreckage and were convinced there was no sabotage involved. It's noted that one of the leading USAF UFO investigators, Captain Edward J. Ruppelt, chief of Project Blue

The object that was in some distress or that was malfunctioning ejected some solid slag-like material which, obeying the laws of gravity, fell earthwards, struck and damaged Dahl's jointly owned boat, caused some minor injuries to himself and his son, but alas killed the dog. Samples of the €slag' were recovered.

County Army Air Field and Lockbourne Army Air Field, both in nearby Ohio). Witnesses collectively described the movement of the object ranging from stationary to 500 mph; ranging in altitude from near ground level to 10,000 feet. The lone object appeared to be white, but with a reddish fringe on the bottom. Unfortunately, a formation of four P-51 Mustangs of the Kentucky Air National Guard just happened to be in the air and in the vicinity - that vicinity being the wrong place; wrong time for one of the pilots, the flight leader, Captain Thomas Mantell, an experienced pilot (over 2000 flying hours) and veteran of World War II.

date, the late Captain Mantell. So what was the object that ultimately led to Mantell's death? Well the first half-hearted explanation was that everyone had sighted, and the P-51's had chased, the planet Venus! It's obvious that no plane can climb high enough to get up close and personal with a planet that's millions of miles away, so if Venus it was, it's no wonder Mantell failed to close in on it. Desperate in the attempt, he climbed too high and passed out from lack of oxygen, that being the major factor in the resulting crash and his death.

Book in the early 1950s, wrote in his 1956 book, The Report on Unidentified Flying Objects€ that he was convinced that the entire UFO sighting story was a hoax. The initial FBI field report concluded the story was a hoax as well. Regardless whether the incident was true (as some still believe), the cover-up of an advanced, classified but nevertheless terrestrial aerospace craft, or a hoax, the death of Capt. Davidson and Lt. Brown was real enough.

MANTELL INCIDENT (1948): If there was ever a case of being in the wrong place at the wrong time, then the Mantell Incident qualifies.

On the afternoon of the 7th of January 1948, Godman Army Airfield (at Fort Knox, Kentucky) was notified by the state highway patrol of a strange circular object they could not identify some 250 to 300 feet in diameter that was flying along a westward course. Being conscientious officers, they saw it as their duty to notify the nearest military base - Godman Field.

Military personnel, including the Commanding Officer, spotted the unknown object in question from the airfield's control tower. It was also witnessed from other Army Airfields (Clinton

Anyway, the P-51 flight was directed to get up close and personal and determine what this unknown object was. Not all of the P-51's were able to comply with that order to the maximum extent possible. One was low on fuel; two others didn't have an adequate oxygen supply and had more sense than to climb too high though they kept pace with Mantell for as long as they could. Mantell, without an oxygen supply, however, being the flight leader and no doubt an alpha male, threw caution into the wind, boldly went ahead, outdistancing his wingmen when he shouldn't of. He kept in hot pursuit, stating the object was moving at only half his speed and he was closing in for a better look. He allegedly described the object as metallic and of tremendous size, in contrast to some of his wingmen who described it as small and indistinct.

To make a long story shorter, Capt. Mantell climbed too high, blacked out from lack of oxygen, and the rest, as they say, is history. His plane began spiraling back towards the ground. A witness later reported Mantell's Mustang in a circling descent. His plane crashed at a farm south of Franklin, Kentucky, on the Tennessee-Kentucky state line. Some interested parties have suggested that while Mantell was an experienced pilot, he was rather new to the P-51 Mustang, and that this relative inexperience could have been a factor in the crash. Regardless, Captain Mantell was, as of 3:18 p.m. that

So went explanation number on UFO sightings by airline pilots (military, civilian, and private) now number in the thousands. Unfortunately, there have been instances of pilots who have died or who have gone missing (presumed dead) while witnessing, pursuing or otherwise involved with some form or other of UFO-related activity.



That alone suggests that UFOs are not only a serious business, but also at times a deadly business, as we have, and shall see.

KINROSS INCIDENT (1953): On the 23rd of November, 1953, First Lieutenant Felix Moncla (pilot) and Second Lieutenant Robert L. Wilson (radar operator) were scrambled from Kinross Air Force Base in their United States Air Force (USAF) F-89 Scorpion to investigate the incursion into American air space, just on the

American-Canadian border and over Lake Superior of an unknown aircraft that had been detected by Air Defense Command radar at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. At roughly 8000 feet elevation, after being guided by ground radar tracking that was also required for an intercept, an intercept was accomplished. Ground Control tracked the F-89 Scorpion and the unidentified object as two separate blips on their radar screen. The two blips on the radar screen grew closer and closer, until they seemed to merge as one return blip. Assuming that pilot Lt. Moncla had flown either under or over the target, Ground Control thought that moments later, the Scorpion and the object would again appear as two separate blips. There was little actual fear that the two objects had struck one another in collision. To their astonishment, rather, the now single blip disappeared from the radar screen, and then there was no radar return at all. The F-89 apparently merged with the other mystery radar return. Its IFF signal also disappeared after the two returns merged on the radar scope. Attempts were made to contact Lt. Moncla via radio, but this was unsuccessful. A search and rescue operation was quickly mounted, but found not a trace of the plane or the pilots and radar officer.

The USAF reported that Lt. Moncla and Lt. Wilson had crashed and that the unknown' object was only a misidentified Royal Canadian Air Force (RCAF) aircraft. The official USAF Accident Investigation Report identified the unidentified second aircraft as a RCAF C-47 Dakota VC-912, crossing Northern Lake Superior from west to east at 7,000 feet en route from Winnipeg to Sudbury, Canada, that had traveled off course.

But, on multiple occasions, the RCAF refuted their involvement in the intercept incident, in correspondence with members of the public asking for further details on the alleged encounter. So, like the Valentich case, did a bona-fide UFO make off with an aircraft and crew? No trace of the F-89, Lt. Moncla or Lt. Wilson has, to this day, been found despite the alleged crash' in the official report.

SCHAFFNER INCIDENT (1970): United States Air Force (USAF) pilot Captain William Schaffner was on an exchange program serving with the British Royal Air Force (RAF) in September 1970 at RAF Binbrook. On the 8th of that month an unknown objected was picked up by radar at various locations, and aircraft from

various bases in Iceland and Scotland were directed to take off and investigate it. However, the object in question kept playing hide-and-seek, appearing on and off radar scopes as various aircraft approached, thus forcing them to ultimately abandon the chase and return to base.



When it became Capt. Schaffner's turn to investigate and intercept, piloting a Lightning, the object quit playing games allowing the officer to make visual contact. He spotted and described a dazzling blue conical-shaped object minutes before his plane then disappeared off the radar. It would seem at first glance that his plane and the object merged, the object then moving off at high speed, but that was only apparent as the disappearance of the Lightning aircraft off the radar was because for one reason or another Capt. Schaffner was flying way too low and actually flew directly into the North Sea. And that's when the real puzzles start.

The aircraft was located (within three weeks) and recovered from the bottom of the North Sea shortly thereafter (within three months) of the incident. The Lightning aircraft was largely intact with minimal damage; no explosion, in fact no signs of any mechanical failure that would have led to the crash. The canopy was in place and closed. Unfortunately, there was no body of Capt. Schaffner within the plane. Capt Schaffner's body has never been found - and he did not eject from the cockpit into a survival dinghy.

So was the missing pilot snatched by aliens? The Board of Inquiry came to the conclusion Capt Schaffner manually abandoned the aircraft, but because he has not been found, he was presumed to have drowned during or after his escape. But, since the aircraft canopy was in place when the Lightning was lifted out of the sea (and pictures confirm that), how did the pilot exit the craft? So, regardless of what the unknown object was, and some say it was nothing but a slow moving Shackleton maritime reconnaissance aircraft that had lost radio contact with the outside world that Capt. Schaffner was trying to intercept and not a bona-fide UFO at all, you still have a UFO incident and one missing, presumed dead pilot. Of course if aliens did somehow manage to abduct Capt. Schaffner while in the air, that would



explain why his now unmanned jet landed in the drink!

VALENTICH INCIDENT (1978): America, the U.K., so why not Australia? One of many, many highly unexplained UFO cases is the events surrounding Frederick Valentich on 21 October 1978. It's more a case of where there's smoke, there's smoke, but smoke there certainly is, and lots of it.

In a nutshell, on the evening of that date, in perfect weather for night flying, Mr. Valentich piloted a private plane from Melbourne, intended destination, King Island in Bass Strait. He took off only to shortly thereafter radio in repeatedly asking if there was another aircraft in his vicinity. That was a negative according to air traffic control. This aircraft' ultimately started hovering or orbiting over him. Let's now call a spade a spade here and state the aircraft' was a UFO. The UFO was also spotted by several independent witnesses. While radioing in his observations, ultimately acknowledging at the end that the mysterious aircraft' was not an aircraft, all contact ceased; all communications abruptly ended. Mr. Valentich, plane and all, vanished without trace. An extensive air and sea search failed to find any sign of Mr. Valentich, or his plane. No oil slick, no floating wreckage, no body - nothing, zip, bugger-all. No trace has ever been found of pilot or plane - not then, not since, not ever.

One obvious explanation was that Mr. Valentich staged his own disappearance, although friends and family could offer no reason why he would do so. Of course many people voluntarily disappear themselves for various reasons; many eventually are found, are caught or reappear voluntarily. But keep in mind; it wasn't just Mr. Valentich who disappeared. One entire aircraft vanished as well, never to be seen again. Surely if Mr. Valentich wanted to €drop out', there were easier and way less conspicuous ways of doing so. If he had deliberately gone walkabout, in these decades since of security cameras and computer facial software recognition technology, it would be hard to remain an unknown walkabout in any populated area.

Was suicide a motive? Again, no wreckage or body was ever found, and who would go to all the bother of reporting a non-existent UFO overhead - a non-existent UFO that happened to be independently reported by others. Anyway, no suicide note was found.

And what of the plane since no wreckage was ever found floating on the surface of Bass Strait; washed up on beaches, or found on the ocean bottom - Bass Strait isn't that deep. It's a mystery, and while it doesn't prove aliens nicked off with Mr. Valentich and plane, it does remain rather a confusing mystery...



Valentich and Radar Operator Transcript...

Valentich: Melbourne, this is Delta Sierra Juliet. Is there any known traffic below five thousand?

Melbourne: Delta Sierra Juliet, no known traffic.

Valentich: Delta Sierra Juliet, I am, seems to be, a large aircraft below five thousand.

Melbourne: Delta Sierra Juliet, what type of aircraft is it?

Valentich: Delta Sierra Juliet, I cannot affirm, it is four bright, it seems to me, like landing lights.

Melbourne: Delta Sierra Juliet.

Valentich: Melbourne, this is Delta Sierra Juliet, the aircraft has just passed over me at least a thousand feet above.

The conversation continued this way for some five minutes:

Valentich: Delta Sierra Juliet, Melbourne. It seems like it's stationary. What I'm doing right now is orbiting and the thing is just orbiting on top of me. Also it's got a green light and sort of metallic, like it's all shiny on the outside.

The conversation finally concluded after Valentich reported engine trouble:

Valentich: Delta Sierra Juliet, the engine is rough idling, I've got it set at twenty three twenty four and the thing is coughing.

(Twenty three twenty four means his engine power settings were typical.)

Melbourne: Delta Sierra Juliet, roger, what are your intentions?

Valentich: My intentions are to go to King Island. Melbourne, that strange aircraft is hovering on top of me again... It is hovering and it's not an aircraft.

Melbourne: Delta Sierra Juliet.

Valentich: Delta Sierra Juliet, Melbourne...

Melbourne: Delta Sierra Juliet, Melbourne.

His final transmission was at 7:12pm and 28 seconds. Melbourne declared an alert, which was escalated to a distress situation 21 minutes later.

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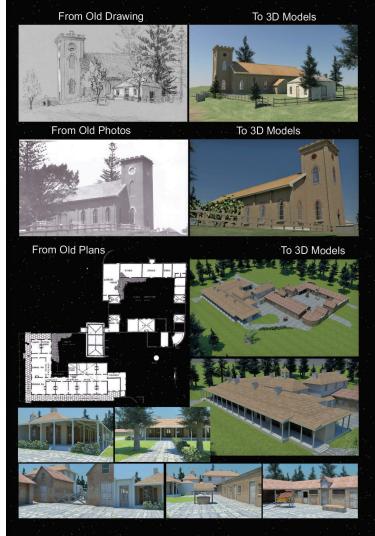
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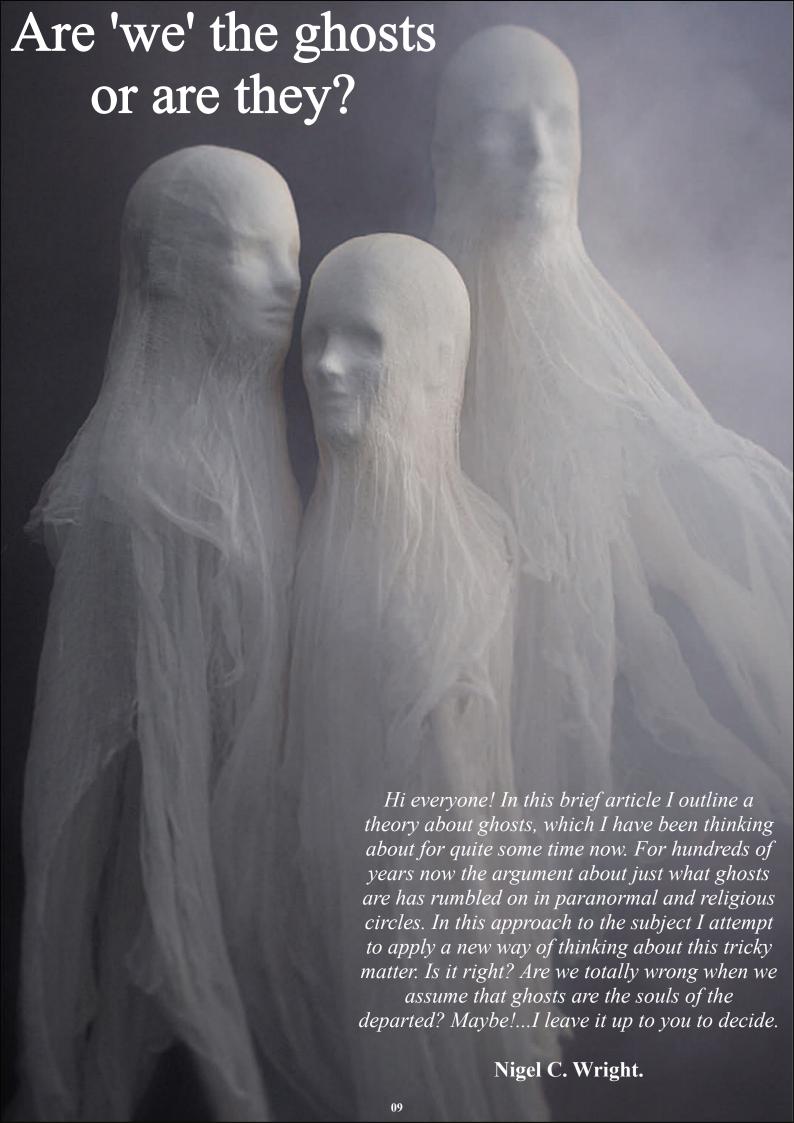








Contact: Danial Verdon Phone: 0061 439 822 655 Email: nodrev@hotmail.com, Port Macquarie NSW Australia 2444



It has always been assumed that ghosts are the souls of the dearly departed. But, is this right?. Recently I have been giving some thought to another explanation. It may be that they are NOT ghosts, but to them, we may be. For a long time, mankind has accepted that we humans live in a threedimensional world. Some now add time as a 4th dimension to these other three. Indeed. some scientists now think that we exist in a multidimensional universe. If we accept this new concept, then perhaps the "ghosts" as we can them, are but glimpses into a parallel, yet separate world. One which is separated from ours by a form of electromagnetic field, we know as "death".

For this theory to work, we have to assume that the part of a human being which we call a "soul", is made up from a form of energy. Accepted science states that energy cannot be destroyed, merely transmuted from one form of energy to another. So, upon the death of the physical body, the "soul", or life energy of an individual, separates from the physical body, and is attracted by a EMF force, unknown to us yet, to the veil between these parallel dimensions. Because the "soul" and the veil are now composed of the same EMF force, the "soul" can pass through the veil, and enter the alternate dimension.

Now, this theory could go some way to explaining the ghost phenomena, but, how can one explain that some ghosts are seen in costumes from bygone ages? To allow for this to occur, and still allow for the above theory to be correct, then we must explore another theoretical possibility. What if some of these parallel dimensions were running on a different timeline to our own?. indeed, what if, in some, time as we know it, runs backwards? Like layers of veneer in plywood, our universe may consist of many layers, all the same size, but each having its own individual time, and flow.

An interesting idea indeed! Dozens, if not hundreds of different dimensions, each blissfully unaware of the rest. But, occasionally the paths of the differing dimensions cross and clash. In these moments of crossing paths, figures and objects from each dimension appear in the other, and our friends the "ghosts" are born. This theory could also be applied to solving the mystery cases of certain UFO's, black cats, etc.

Indeed, almost all so-called "paranormal" events could be explained by these crossing of dimensional paths. Do I claim that this relatively simple idea is the "holy grail" of the paranormal? the final acceptance of the paranormal into the mainstream normal scientific world?...No I do not, that would be far to big headed of me, all I do, by writing this, is to offer yet another theory to my peers to consider. I hope you, the reader, enjoy it!

HOW TO HANDLE A GHOST

When one discovers that ones house is haunted, the most pressing problem for the occupant, apart from the distressing effects of such a haunting, is what to do about it!...Do you just accept it?, or do you call in the professionals, in an attempt to rid the property of the haunting? We did the latter and this is what happened...

Hi all!. This time I thought I would have a go at trying to speak about one of the trickiest things I have ever attempted, handling a ghost! My story begins at our old family home in Devon, some 10 years ago. Soon after moving into our council house, we noticed that objects were moving around of their own accord! Dishes would fly off the drainer, whilst no-one was in the kitchen, and things would disappear, only to re-appear somewhere else, a few days later, usually right in the middle of our busy front room floor! Ha! I thought: sure signs of a haunting in progress. I began to take hundreds of pictures of the rooms, with my old digital camera; sure enough orbs would show up on the shots. Then my wife started to see figures in certain rooms. My daughter also talked about the figures of young children, coming into her room and talking to her! My wife saw a Victorian-type man, dressed in frock coat and top hat, in our bedroom. He acted very angrily, and told her he hated woman. Eventually, one night, whilst my



wife was in the bedroom, he was seen by her to grab the heavy, long dressing table, and turn it right over forwards! I was sat in the front room at the time, right below the bedroom, and I nearly jumped out of my skin, so loud was the noise!

Strange things continued to happen. My wife saw what she took to be an old-fashioned doctor and nurse, around the house. The final straw, as far as I was concerned, was the Victorian ghost throwing a tall bookcase over, in our bedroom, right in front of my wife and young daughter. This bookcase was six shelves high, and completely full of my reference books! It was a considerable weight, and there was no way my wife or daughter could have tipped the thing over, or even shake it!..

I became determined to find out just who the unwelcome guests were, and how to get rid of them, since I felt they posed a real threat to my family. I turned my journalistic investigative skills to finding out the history of my house, and the land on which it was built. This would give me a clue as to identifying the ghosts, or at least, finding a clue as to the time period they came from. This information might help in finding a way to help them pass over to the other side, via a medium service. As for house, it had been built in the 1950's,as part of a then new estate, for the local authority, on what was described as virgin farmland, this fact appeared to be confirmed by checking ordinance survey maps of the period.

However, a visit to my local museum revealed the fact that a Napoleonic prisoner of war camp had been located a short distance from the site of my home. This began to ring bells in my mind! A little while before, whilst trying to re-turf our back garden, I had uncovered a large, pebble pathlike construction, running from the bottom of the garden, right up to the outside wall of our front room. The point where it connected with our front room was right on the spot where our television was. This had been the spot where I had captured some really spectacular orbs, during my mammoth photo taking days! Perhaps this area was really the foundations of a wall, dating from the days I had summoned? Things were beginning to fall into place. However, this still did not account for the figures of a doctor and nurse that my wife had seen, and spoken to. At this point I decided I needed professional help with these ghosts. Because of my writing a paranormal page in our local paper, I had got to know a local medium. I knew she was very good at her job, and after persuading my wife to agree, I invited her to our house one night, to see if she could help our house guests!

The night arrived and the medium turned up, with her was a man who turned out to be her mentor, and a highly experienced

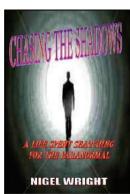


helper with such problems! As a paranormal investigator I had made it my sincere wish not to inform our mediums of any of the information I had uncovered on the house or the camp. Nether did I tell them anything about what my wife had seen or heard or of my daughters experiences. I was determined to make this service as open and non-contaminated an experiment in mediumship, as possible. Within a few minutes of arriving in our house, the two mediums had ascertained that the corner of our front room, exactly where the TV was, contained a vortex of energy, signifying an entrance to the next world, where spirits could come and go, between the two. Then, to my utter amazement, they described a doctor and nurse, who had been lovers, searching for each other, in our house!.

The names they called these ghosts exactly matched those my wife had told me! There was absolutely no way they had been given this information by me or any of my family!. But, even more information was to follow. They then went on to state that the corner of my front room, by the TV, had been the entrance to a trauma

ward of a Napoleonic military hospital! Hence the doctor and nurse. We then went on to conduct a service of closing and sending over of the spirits of the doctor and nurse, together with the ghost of a dog! The doorway was then closed. Did this service work? Well, yes it did, the house became calm, and no more ghostly activity occurred during our time there. As for finding out about the hospital, there was no way of proving this true, because of lack of records, but I think it was true. Did we handle the situation right? I hope so, but you might find a better way to do it. Bye for now.

Nigel's book: Chasing The Shadows - A Life Spent Searching For The Paranormal is available on Amazon for just £4.86 and is well worth getting your hands on it. An excellent read...



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14

Three in a Bed: The case of the Snoring Man

All cases I investigate (this one took place o the Scottish Borders) I find interesting, but some cases are, by their very nature, more interesting than others and as this one is such an outstanding case I will deal with it in a more thorough manner. In that way dedicated researchers can glean more details from it than usual, thus enabling them to better form their own opinions as to the merits of the case.

While many times my phone rings and I get a hasty and sometimes panicky account of something that is meant to be taking place in someone's home. in this case I got a very good and clear initial verbal account closely followed by a four page written account as confirmation. That, of course, makes a psychic investigator's job much easier. I not only got a clear picture of the situation to see where it matches into the general spectrum of casetypes but it also enabled me to take along a me-

dium who is most suited to the work in hand as some mediums are better at certain things than others.

That the lady, a Mrs Larkinson, and her husband had bought a couple of adjoining farm cottages and a little bit of land in the Scottish borders in 1997. Due to some sort of legal problem the work of renovating the cottages had got terribly behind so that she and her husband, Alec, ended up living in a rather temporary caravan in the farmyard. This unfortunate state of things lasted for nearly two years and it was during this time that strange things began to take place but all in a sort of "low-key" sort of way.

The Larkinsons had been lying in bed at 1.30am when they suddenly felt themselves surrounded by what appeared to be the drumming section of a military band! The noise rose in volume over a period of minutes and then fell away to zero once more and as such a thing had never before taken place the couple decided that what they must have heard was a car radio and that, in spite of the caravan being parked about one hundred yards from the country road and quarter of a mile from the next nearest house. It didn't make sense they realized

because the car must have been passing very slowly and much closer than possible but there seemed no other explanation and so, for the moment, the incident was soon forgotten. In fact, what the couple had experienced was the first of a whole string of inexplicable noises (and later...smells!) which we now know were generated by the psychic world. At long last, in November 2001, the Larkinsons actually managed to move into the first of

the converted cottages and, naturally enough, they thought that their problems were almost at an end. That may have been true as far as the structural problems were concerned but the psychic world had other problems in mind for them!

The pair moved in on the Thursday but on the night of the following Monday, as they lay semi-asleep in bed, came the second of the mysterious set of noises for Mrs. Larkinson (but not her husband) heard as if a deep snoring noise was moving through the external walls and into the bedroom proper. It grew louder and louder until the whole room seemed to be filled and throbbing with the rasping sound of deep male snoring. Sometimes, to the good lady's alarm, the snoring seemed to be coming from a point in the bed somewhere between herself and her husband and this she found very alarming!

As this untoward event took place for several nights in a row, Mrs. Larkinson was naturally enough becoming increasingly disturbed by it to such an extent that she'd get up and walk around the rooms

in the middle of the night. Only then did she realize to her horror that the sound filled every room in the cottage but without there ever seeming to be a source or even a direction to the sound. It was everywhere simultaneously and of equal volume in every direction she chose to face!

(Can I tell fellow researchers that I have twice encountered sound of this nature and it is a very, very unusual and alarming form

> of sound indeed for you hear it coming at you in a manner that no sound ever does in our natural world for it strikes the head totally equally from all directions at once. Natural sound emanates from a particular source and thus has a feeling of direction: you can turn your body around to face a normal sound but that is impossible with this highly unusual form of psychic sound. Try as you might to locate its source, it comes at you not only equally from left and right but also you

feel that it is coming downwards from the ceiling onto the top of your head and also it hits you under the chin as if it is rising from the floor! You are truly and totally in the very center of the sound and completely unable to even hazard a guess at its source. I, myself, having heard such "acoustics" twice have begun to wonder if the whole thing in not purely within the head: a fact borne out by Mrs. Larkinson's husband being unable to hear anything unusual at all!)

The sounds seemed to center on the bedroom as the days passed. There was a metallic "ringing" tone as if an invisible metal pipe had been dropped from a height onto a stone floor. This took place both beside the bed and across at the far side of the room. Then there was a sound that Mrs. Larkinson described as "sharp and loud" and resembled dozens of hard boiled sweets being poured out of a jar onto the metal pan of a pair of scales. Obviously it was not that but probably some sort of 19th century equivalent but I can't think what.

Still on "sounds" Mrs. Larkinson was bending down in the shower when a sort of

roaring/growling noise seemed to come up out of the floor just outside the shower and increase rapidly in volume. This spooked the dear lady by its sudden and unexpected nature and she fled the area rapidly and was hesitant about returning there for a long time.

The sounds continued in various forms. Because of the illness of her husband's mother, Mr. Larkinson was away at times for many days on end and during that time strange things took place......One night Mrs. Larkinson had barely got into bed after checking that all the cottage doors were locked when the back door sounded as if it had blown wide open and then immediately banged shut again: this was followed by the downstairs bathroom door being opened and closed.

The frightened lady shouted out her husband's name, wondering if he had returned unexpectedly from his mother's but he had not. Whatever was making the sounds then seemed to walk through the lower floor of the cottage creating further sounds as it went and then it finally exited via the front porch, opening and closing the double doors there as any human might. Mrs. Larkinson seized her quilt and dashed for the safety of her car, where she slept for the next two nights.

From that night on things seemed to take a turn for the worse and Mrs. Larkinson distinctly felt any bedclothes that inadvertently covered (or partially covered) her face being slowly and gently drawn away from her. It was as if an invisible person was wanting to look at her face to see her all the better.

I must record here that in spite of all that had taken place, the lady who appeared to be the focus of the activity never really felt that she was in danger. In fact she seemed to get the impression that the invading entity was wanting her friendship (...as indeed proved the case later on.)

I must also record that early in this case, because a bedroom situation was the focus of much of the activity I was forced, as a researcher, to ask Mrs. Larkinson if the contact she felt had any sort of sexual connotation about it, because many such cases do, I'm afraid. (see the incubus story). I was pleased for her that the answer was a resounding "No!" but she felt, even in the early days, a definite friendship present.

As the days went past sometimes the snoring was in the bed between herself and her husband and along with the snoring came the smell of beer. By this time the lady felt confident enough to such a degree that she could hold a conversation with their invisible guest and so she said that she'd be pleased if he could do two things:-

Firstly ... "Please **don't** make yourself visible to us, I wouldn't like to see you!"

And, "Please can you replace the beer smell of your breath with something more pleasant?"

Almost immediately the beer smell was replaced by an overwhelming odor of bananas which pervaded the whole house for several days before sickening all the occupants. Now and again as a psychic investigator I find myself in humorous situations and this was one of those times for Mrs. Larkinson plucked up courage on the third night of the banana smell and said to her invading entity, "I know I said that I'd like you to change the beer smell but I'm afraid we find the bananas rather overpowering. Do you think you could give us something else?"

The response was immediate and things became much more pleasant because the bananas were immediately replaced by lavender! This itself varied with the time of day and frying bacon, gas and a blend of apple along with banana were all smelled at some point. (Researchers might like to know that the two main psychic smells that one usually comes across are urine and tobacco ...in that order...but the tobacco does not smell at all like a modern smoking mixture for there is a definite sweet and scented aroma about it. It cannot be mistaken for the modern equivalent!"

There were mysterious (although small) movements taking place in the cottage like a baking rolling-pin rotating back and forth by itself and there was a small soft toy that oscillated in the bedroom at times. In the bedroom too there were always strange noises; some of which were recognizable and some which were not. Here are some noises that Mrs. Larkinson told us about:-

1) Heavier-type clothing being dropped onto the (a?) wooden floor.

(I use a bracketed letter "a" here because while I fully accept that Mrs. Larkinson heard clothes being flung down onto a floor I rather think that the floor they were striking was the original floor of the bedroom which has long since been replaced by newer timbers. i.e. if the clothing is "ghost clothing" then the floors it strikes will be "ghost floors" and not 21st Century wood. You might like to think a bit more about that.)

- 2) Rapping noises as if a fingernail was being tapped against the surface of the radiator. (Could it have been against the wall behind the radiator?)
- 3) And a rhythmic "squeak, squeak, squeak, squeak" noise that came from the position of the bedside chair as if it had been a rocking chair.

Just as Mrs. Larkinson felt she was becoming acclimatized to the family's unrequested visitor things changed! She had an office job in the town of Selburgh some two miles away and I got an urgent phone call some time after the introductory call saying that the lady believed that not only had the entity followed her to her office but that it was moving up close to her body and then right into it.

While I had come across this sort of thing quite a number of times in various other cases I knew that Mrs. Larkinson had probably no idea at all that such an event could take place. The fact that the entity was following her to the office (either by actually travelling in her car unseen or by "merely" producing himself in the office building) was something that clearly and understandably unnerved her. I attempted to calm her and was quite taken when she actually told me that she felt intuitively that he meant her well in spite of all the strangeness about the business.

I later learned that the entity (whom she always referred to as male) had, over a period of days, been with her in the office. There he had moved up against her foot and then pushed forward, moving up her legs until (in rotation) he moved into many parts of her body which she, herself, knew to be in need of medical attention. Those were basically her knee and elbow joints because of an arthritic condition, a part of her stomach area and the root of a septic tooth which lay to the right of her right nostril.

As the reader will soon see, by the time that the medium and myself finally managed to visit the Larkinsons we found that healing was a major aim of the entity and even before our actual arrival the arthritic knee-joints and septic tooth appeared to have been completely healed. To show the success of the healing, Mrs. Larkinson struck herself five times just above her right knee and she told us that if she had done that even once ten days before she would have shot through the roof with pain! The number of days between the hectic phone call to me and our arrival to investigate things was merely a week so the healing process must have taken place in this short time. (More of such "lightning" healing later!)



It is of little surprise that the healing processes, started by day, were continued as she lay in bed at night.

Mrs. Larkinson states to me (in writing) that, "On Tuesday, December 17th as I lay in bed a ring of pins and needles went round my face and woke me up. I could hear a faint hum at my temples and my stomach.....well, all I can say is that it was like having a baby...as if there was something inside of me that wasn't quite me: a sort of half-way-house between being internally ticklish and having indigestion."

A strange description indeed but generated by a very strange event!

The lady goes on to describe how a feeling moved first to one part of her body and then another, warming and vibrating each part until it felt healthier and fitter. As I had another urgent job to carry through with another client about fifty miles to the north of that area I decided to "go for it" and to carry out both jobs on the same evening. I asked a medium, Francesca, to accompany me on the trip ...in spite of the fact that it was Christmas Eve.

What we found fully justified our going out on that festive evening!

It must have been after nine pm on Christmas Eve when Francesca and I finally drove up the very muddy farm road from the tarmac highway behind us and parked in the mud outside the front of a small farm cottage. The farm was undoubtedly remote but the directions given by Mrs. Larkinson had been accurate...which led me to believe that both her verbal and written accounts of the psychic trouble in her house might also be accurate. One never really knows at the start of a client interview what is reality and what is merely imagined fantasy.....only in-depth conversation and probing will "separate the straw from the chaff."

(I am pleased to tell researchers that not once have I ever been hoaxed by a client and only twice have I had to ask the client to see their doctor and have their physical and mental health checked out. Sometimes I find clients with genuine psychic activity in their homes but who have preconceived ideas about the psychic world that they have either gleaned from films or TV. Such persons are easily spotted early on in an interview and due care is taken not to be moved along by their (often erroneous) thought patterns.)

We were welcomed at the door by Mr. Larkinson and introduced to Mrs. Larkinson (and a dear lady who turned out to be Mr. Larkinson's ill mother). Mr. Larkinson, it was explained to Francesca and I, found it difficult to believe in the world of the paranormal and so he decided to sit with his mother while the three of us walked around the house to get the feel of things and to note the structural layout of the



building. While, by December 24th, I had to hand quite a lot of information on the case, I purposely withheld almost all of that from Francesca. But she expected that! She always likes working "in the dark".

(Mostly I tell her **absolutely** nothing and this she does not mind at all. That enables me to cross-check what my pre-meeting notes tell me with what Francesca finds upon initial contact. If the two tally then I know that we are all on the right lines but if they do not tally (**very rare!**) then I have to do some sharp thinking! Now for an astounding fact...one that I, myself, still find difficult to believe and I've got used to it over the years that Francesca and I have worked together.

And that fact is that even if I purposely withhold totally the address of the property we are about to visit, Francesca can still tell me all about it as soon as I pick her up in the car to go out on our evening "adventure"! I have had her tell me, at 7pm, that "she has been in the house (mentally) as from 4pm" that same afternoon. At times she will amaze me still by describing not only the inside of the house but also the positions within the building of the psychic energy responsible for the events (which she does not yet officially know!) as well as any movements of psychic energy which might be flowing/ moving within the property!" All very strange!)

We first of all stopped in the downstairs bathroom where Francesca was told about the sound that emanated from the floor just outside the shower area. As time was short on this evening of evenings, I wanted to get straight into making contact with whoever it was in the psychic world that was making Mrs. Larkinson's life awkward and so I said that we should all stand close together. That physical closeness would assist us to concentrate on the entity who might (or might not) be present.

In seconds Francesca said that she was getting a name and she spoke the single word, "Clarkstone" although I noticed that she faltered between the two syllables.

Here I had better intercede and explain the inter-relationship between Francesca and myself when out on a case. While having some psychic ability myself, I most definitely do not have the psychic talents of Francesca. I do have, however, a wide knowledge and experience of the supernatural world and an acute sense of Francesca's link to it. Because of that, even a minor hesitation between the "Clark" bit of the word and the "Stone" bit of it made me raise my head and think that something was not quite right here. There should have been no hesitation between the two words if the man's name was indeed "Clarkstone". I asked Francesca to concentrate on the name once more.

This time she gave the same phonics again but with a longer gap between the "Clark" bit and the "Stone" bit. That was what I was expecting! That was what I myself was feeling: namely that the word "Clark" and the word "Stone" were separate things and not merely a ten-lettered surname.

Francesca now said, "Clark.....stone, stone, stone!" and then turned to Mrs. Larkinson and asked, "Have you been thinking about doing something with a stone of late?"

(Standing in someone else's bathroom on Christmas Eve asking them if they've been thinking of a stone is just one of the mad situations you might end up with if you choose to take up psychic research!)

"Well, Yes, actually!" answered Mrs. Larkinson, "I'd allocated myself a job for Christmas Day and that was to oil and polish a large stone that my husband had built into the new fireplace in the main room. It is such a large and lovely stone that we found outside, just lying on the ground, that we thought we'd bring it in and use it in a position of prominence."

The words were no sooner spoken than I saw Francesca jerk and I hurriedly said to the householder, "Hold on a minute Mrs. Larkinson, I think Francesca may have something more to say about that stone. It must have seemed pretty important to Mr. Clark that that was the first thing he has mentioned to us." Francesca did indeed have something to say for she was now in

continuous contact with this entity. Mr. Clark then made it known that he had been a previous owner (or tenant) of that farm property and that he loved that stone (although we did not have time that evening to learn why).

"Please, Mrs. Larkinson, just leave the stone as it isembedded in the fireplace for everyone to see and respect," I said and I was pleased that the lady agreed so readily to my suggestion for it never pays to upset a returning entity which has locked onto a property unless it is absolutely necessarily (and then there are special ways of going about that).

I was pleased with the way the case and interview were progressing for we had not only made immediate contact with the entity who I felt was almost definitely the one responsible for the feelings within the house but had also found that he was warming towards us in the social sense and appeared to be willing to make conversation.... (which some entities are not always willing to do).

I decided to make the most of this willingness and asked Francesca to get Mr. Clark to tell us more about the farm as he knew it. He said (through Francesca) that he worked very hard on his little farm and this, the medium felt too for she looked down at her hands and said that she felt as if they were very badly worn and almost bleeding in places with the extreme toil.

(Mediums often take upon their own bodies the feelings of the entity they are linked to...whether that be a respiratory state that the person might have died with or, as in this case, the state of the farmer's hands as he talked of his hard work.)

Mr. Clark then alluded to "his" little watermill that he loved and this forced me to ask Mrs. Larkinson to confirm if there was indeed a watermill associated with the farm. We had approached from the front of the building in total darkness and neither Francesca nor I had seen anything resembling a watermill. "Oh yes!" responded the lady, and proceeded to tell us that due to pressure of work they had not been able, as yet, to refurbish it but that that was part of their longterm plan for the property.

At that point, and ever mindful of the fact that we were short of time, I asked Francesca if we could all move forward mentally and ask Mr. Clark to confirm that he had indeed been entering into parts of Mrs. Larkinson's body in an attempt to heal what he found there.

He answered very firmly in the affirmative and said, without being prompted, that he was so grateful to the Larkinsons for their taking over the farm where he had once



lived. He thanked them for working so hard to make a go of it and stated that he wanted to help them in any way he could. He appeared to be some sort of local healer when he was in our world for he told us that he lamented the fact that we seemed to have lost the knowledge about the value of many, many medicinal herbs. (He also turned philosophical at one point by saying that when he was alive everybody helped everybody else without thought of recompense but now he saw people loath to assist others without the thought of payment.)

Then came a rather interesting part of the "healing" conversation for Mr. Clark suddenly began mentioning Mr. Alec Larkinson and telling his wife that he was attempting to heal some considerable ailment in the man's gullet.

(At this point Francesca was having considerable difficulty talking to us because she had taken upon herself the feeling of the illness.)

Anyway, still standing in the middle of the bathroom floor, Mrs. Larkinson admitted to us that her farmer husband had indeed been having great difficulty in swallowing and similar but that he had chosen (unwisely) not to visit the doctor or allow her to notify that medical man about her husband's serious malady.

(We were not told the precise nature of the illness and I suggest to researchers that as most of them do not have any medical expertise they should not take upon themselves the burdens of medical diagnosis ...leave that to the experts!)

Mr. Clark said absolutely unequivocally that he had **already started** to heal the man but that it would take a great number of sessions to bring him back to full health.

With the talk of healing ringing around the little room, Francesca began getting some sort of information about a dog being healed and so she spoke out to us;

"Have you got a dog here in the house?"

"Yes," came the reply, "I put him in the kitchen when you came to the door as I didn't want him to jump up on you".

"And I'm being told that that dog is a little black and white collie of a young age...Is that correct?"

"It is!"

"And I'm being told that you have had him at the vet's recently with unusual results. Is that correct?"

"Indeed it is....." responded Mrs. Larkinson and went on to explain.

The story is quite remarkable and it was well worth "missing" my Christmas Eve Television to hear it firsthand in that little farmhouse bathroom.

The little collie had managed to break its leg in some way about a fortnight before and, of course, it was taken to the vet in Selburgh. That was on the Monday and after re-setting the bone and doing what vets had to do he gave the dog back to Mrs. Larkinson with the following parting words.

"Now come back on Thursday morning with him and I'll check that the two halves of the break have not moved apart in any way: from then on, I'm afraid, it'll just be a waiting game until it heals."

On the appointed Thursday, Mrs. Larkinson returned as she was bid to do and duly handed the collie over to be re-examined.

Here the fun begins!

The vet took the dog, looked at it and then "tut-tutted" at Mrs. Larkinson.

"No, Mrs. Larkinson, you've brought the wrong dog! Can you nip back home and bring the same dog as I dealt with on Monday."

"But I only have one dog!" pleaded the good lady, "This is the same dog! It has to be!"

The vet was not going to take that as an answer and began talking slowly and carefully to the lady as if she were ninety and exhibiting the extremes of senile decay and deafness...instead of being a bright woman of fifty.

"This-is-the-wrong-dog-Mrs.Larkinson, Please-bring-the-one-you-had-here-on-Monday!"

Eventually the lady managed to persuade the vet that this was her one and only dog. The man was thunderstruck and said, "I just can't understand it! This dog had a badly broken leg just three days ago and normally it should take weeks and weeks to heal to this degree. I just can't understand this at all!"

Mrs. Larkinson had already guessed what had taken place but she did not dare tell the vet.

It was then, as Mrs. Larkinson finished her story to Francesca and I that Mr. Clark chimed in, "I once had a lovely wee collie just like that when I was on earth and I just could not bear to see her in so much pain so I set about healing her and it all went fine!"

The matter-of-fact way in which this entity expressed himself quite took my breath away: it was as if such healing was an everyday event of no great significance to this amazing man. There was no doubt at all...this entity truly loved "his" farm and all God's creatures that now inhabited it.

The evening still had secrets in store for us all and it was Mr. Clark who put us on track to a fresh aspect of this case for he kept alluding to "my wife" and "my wife's name".

It soon became apparent that his wife had a great deal to do with the farm and although we did not have time to look more deeply into things we were getting the feeling that the little farm was probably either the property of his wife or perhaps it was held in joint names.

(The property, we know, was, at one point, owned by the local church and was probably leased on a rental basis to someone who wished to farm it. Whether this was true at the time when Mr. and Mrs. Clark had it we cannot say without further research.)

The above thoughts got us thinking about dates and so Francesca and I decided to bow our heads and concentrate to see if we could come up with an important date in the life of Mr. Clark and the farm.

We both got a date and I declared mine first ...1784: then Francesca declared hers to be 1874.

I was interested to note the similarity in the digits involved although, of course, my date was a hundred years different from Francesca's. Francesca's talents are greatly beyond mine in such matters and so I agreed to call it 1874. (For researchers I will interject here that when I first met Francesca I felt that when I was physically close to her, some of her talents somehow "rubbed off" onto me. That is, my own, meager, psychic talents were enhanced by her presence. I now KNOW from experience that that is so. This same proximity effect also seems to be apparent in chapter 6, The Hall Images, as you will see.)

Talking of Mrs. Clark's part in the farm along with dates got us, in turn, onto title deeds. We had assumed that any title deeds to the property would be in the safekeeping of some local lawyer but to our surprise Mrs. Larkinson said that those valuable items were lodged in a downstairs cupboard! What a pity we had no time that Christmas Eve to look into those documents

It was then that Mr. Clark chimed into the conversation once again for he said straight out, "Go to your solicitor again and have your title deeds looked at in greater detail and you will see something considerably to your advantage!"

All three of us standing there were flabbergasted and both Francesca and I spoke to Mrs. Larkinson at exactly the same moment...

"Have you had some sort of difficulty in the drawing up of the title deeds?"

"Well, we did have, actually!" came the reply, "Our solicitor had difficulty in coming to grips with the true boundaries of the property."

"Then I think that it might be wise to take up Mr. Clark's suggestion and arrange for a much closer look at those precious documents: it looks rather likely that the boundaries might have to be re-drawn in your favor!" I said.

At that point the three of us had a quick look at the upstairs bedroom where the snoring and other sounds were heard and then we went downstairs to go home once more.

Just inside the front door Mr. Larkinson met us again and asked us how we had faired. His wife was very quick to tell him not only that her preconceived ideas had been correct but that the entity who shared their home had already started

healing Mr. Larkinson's gullet in spite of the fact that he had kept his secret ill-health from everybody except his wife. It was nearly 11pm when we walked back across the muddy farmyard and got into our car. We were both mentally and physically tired by then but what an evening it had all been and what thoughts shot back and forth through our heads as we traveled north towards Edinburgh once more.

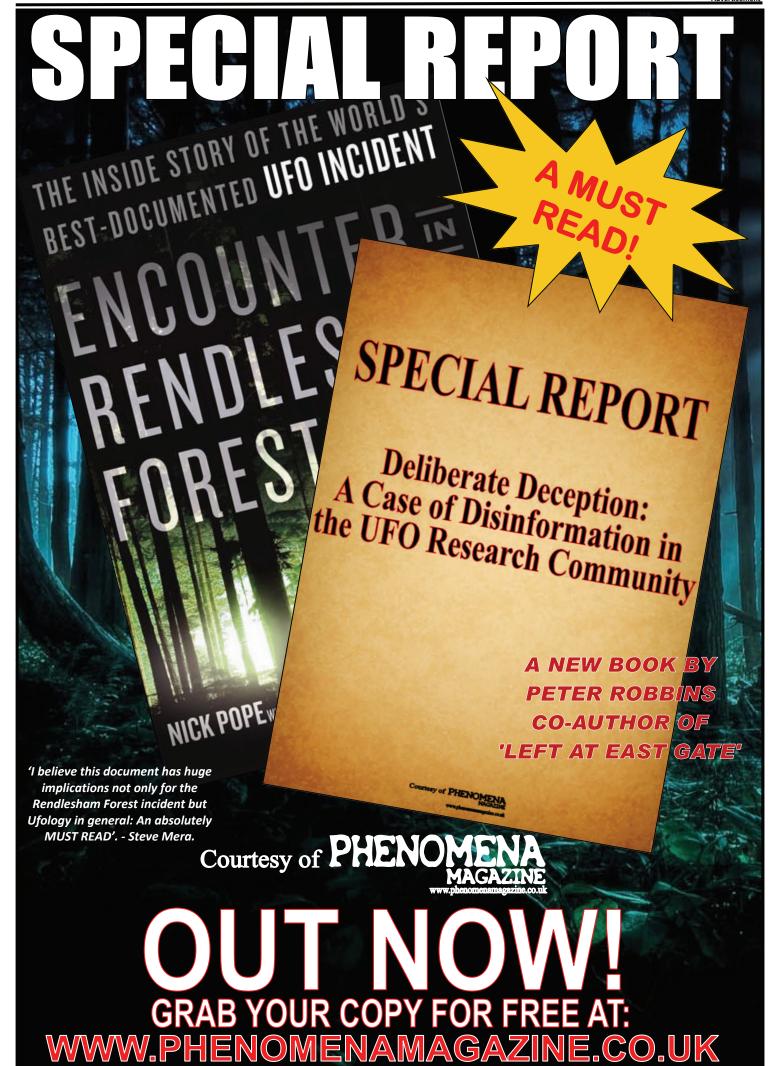
As we approached the city from over the Border hills to the south, a myriad of lights twinkled below us as the citizens readied themselves to welcome Christmas Day. As we descended through the stillness towards the bustle and the noise, some snowflakes actually begun falling out of the sky right on cue. Soon the Christmas bells could be heard ringing out as I dropped Francesca off outside her house, just in time for her to go to a Watchnight (religious) Service with her daughter.

As I waved goodbye I must admit to thinking to myself that by spending Christmas Eve helping those two fine families we had been truer to the *real spirit of Christmas* than we would have been had we spent the same amount of time that night celebrating in some brightly lit and noisy city pub...

The Psychical Research and Investigation Unit (PRI Unit), is headed up by Archie Lawrie.

Archie was a Headmaster for 30 years and, as a well respected businessman, is a past President of his local Rotary Club. He is currently President of The Edinburgh Society for Psychical Research and the Vice-President of The Scottish Society for Psychical Research. He has a proven track-record of meeting and examining paranormal phenomena, e.g. between 1999 and present, this man has personally investigated, examined and recorded over 700 psychic cases. Archie Lawrie is an accomplished Author and has already published works to reflect his research. To date, this author has published three books and has a further four awaiting publication (including an encyclopaedia). He has a life-long interest in his chosen topic having worked with various film and TV production companies. He has been an official Advisor to the BBC in psychic programmaking and is a regular magazine columnist on psychic topics. Archie works on voluntary basis to head up the PRI unit within the Sir Arthur Conan Doyle Centre, and works with a small group of knowledgeable volunteers to handle investigations, to write up reports and assist with the organisation of meetings/conferences, etc. Former headmaster Archie Lawrie has been called to investigate more paranormal disturbances than anyone else in Scotland. He talks about how he prepares for his many investigations, asserting that the scientific rules that apply to the paranormal world are not the laws of science as we usually understand them. Archie has held many prestigious positions in his field of work. He is currently Head of Psychical Research at the Sir Arthur Conan Doyle Centre, and was a psychical advisor to the BBC for programmes like Monarch of the Glen and Sea of Souls. (If you can help by volunteering, contact):

archie@arthurconandoylecentre.com





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Probe Conference Details-October Sat 10th & Sun 11th 2015

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Probe International Conferences are based in Blackpool, Lancashire - North West of England.

Saturday October 10th 2015 Speakers

Please Note Doors open 9.00am please be seated before 10 am for a prompt start

10.00 am to 11.15 am Brian Halliwell - It's Only a Matter of Time

11.30am - 12.45 pm Miles Johnston (UFO researcher, documentary film maker)

2:00 pm to 3:15 pm Dex Dobie (Local paranormal researcher

3.30pm - 4.45pm Jo Ann Richards
(Earth Defense Headquarters USA)http://edhca.org/

Sunday October 11th 2015 Speakers

Please Note Doors open 9.00am please be seated before 10 am for a prompt start

10:00 am to 11:15 am Jeff Moran, MA.

11:30 - 12:45 pm Ben Emlyn-Jones

1:45 pm to 3:00 pm Jo Ann Richards (Earth Defense Headquarters)USA

3.00 pm - 5.00 pm Special screening of the Totally Uncut documentary The Hidden Hand Alien Abduction and the Government Cover-up Official, Just what we have all been waiting for not to be missed.

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Mystical Mecca Shasta Mystical Mecca

The lost continent of Lemuria was located somewhere near the Indian Ocean and Pacific Ocean. The tectonics plates show no indication of a lost continent in the Indian Ocean or surrounding Pacific Ocean, even though continents like Zealandia and Mauritia of the Pacific did actually exist and the Kerguelen Plateau of the Indian Ocean existed. Some ancient alien theorists believe that Lemuria was a gigantic mother ship that stayed stationary in the Indian Ocean and after the Great Flood the mother ship departed. Because of the gargantuan size of the mother ship, early man considered this to be a large island or continent. The other theory is that due to a pole shift, Lemuria sank beneath the ocean waves, but like I previously said before, there is no indication of this, unless of course you consider the Yonaguni Monument off the coast of Japan to be Lemuria.

Now, you are probably wondering what this has to do with Mount Shasta. Legend has it that the last of the Lemurians migrated to the underground caverns of Mount Shasta. There have been reports that mystical beings have been seen wearing robes coming out of the caverns. They are described as tall, having what appears to be a third eye on their forehead. Reports say that they have pale skin.

In 1962, Roger Hemmings and a group of camping friends saw three robed men come out of a cavern and descend down the mountain by floating two feet off the ground, all three beings had what appeared to be a third eye on

their forehead. Hikers make claim that they hear running machinery inside the caverns. There are even reports of hikers and campers hearing the sounds of human moaning and at times screaming coming from the caverns. Theory has it that there is an underground UFO base in Mount Shasta. UFOs are reported coming in and out of this mystical mountain. Some UFO theorists believe that Mount Shasta like many other volcanoes contain the necessary energy for UFOs to recharge. Volcanoes may be the gas stations for UFOs.

HIGH STRANGENESS AT MOUNT SHASTA:

According to Guy Ballard, while hiking on Mount Shasta he encountered a man who introduced himself as Comte de Saint-Germain. Saint Germain is said to have started Ballard on the path to discovering the teachings that would become the 'I AM' activity religious movement. If you never heard of Count Saint Germain, he happens (or is alleged) to be an immortal. He was a European courtier who had a strong interest in science and the arts. He achieved prominence in European high society of the mid-1700s. Prince Charles of Hesse-Kassel considered him to be "one of the greatest philosophers who

ever lived". St. Germain used a variety of names and titles, an accepted practice amongst royals and nobles at the time. These include the Marquis de Montferrat, Comte Bellamarre, Chevalier Schoening, Count Weldon, Comte Soltikoff, Graf Tzarogy and Prinz Ragoczy. In order to deflect inquiries as to his origins, he would invent fantasies, such as that he was 500 years old, leading Voltaire to sarcastically dub him "The Wonderman".

His birth and background are obscure, but towards the end of his life he claimed that he was a son of Prince Francis II Rakocai of Transylvania and some people have taken that claim as a hint that his immortality derives from being a vampire. Another high strangeness is the story of JC

J.C. Brown, a British prospector who was hired by the Lord Cowdray Mining Company of England, claims that he went into a cave and found gold, shields and mummies that were 10 feet tall. After making this claim Brown vanished and was never seen again. An unknown source claims that he saw Bigfoot walking around a landed UFO near Mount Shasta and inside the UFO was one Reptilian, one Gray and one Nordic. It appears that Bigfoot has a strong connection to UFOs and many witnesses claim to have seen Bigfoot (or Sasquatch) during the same time they were witnessing the appearance of a UFO. UFO theorists think that Bigfoot was a rejected alien experiment that is interdimensional and lives in the caves and caverns of the world. There are plenty of caverns at Mount Shasta that would be a perfect hiding place for a Bigfoot community.

There have been three witnesses to 'Batsquatch' in Mount Shasta. Batsquatch was first sighted at Mount St. Helens and later it was sighted at Mount Shasta. The Batsquatch actually was lofting in the high trees when 3 campers

spotted this creature. The creature swooped down and scared the campers so bad, they ran down the road into the awaiting their trucks.

Besides the fact that you have all kinds of paranormal activity on this mountain, it also attracts 'strange people' from druids conducting chants to Wiccan groups conducting ceremonies. The 'flower children' and 'hippies' of the 60s flocked to this sacred mountain to be one with nature. A group called the 'Shining Armor of Sacred Vows' were known to have their meetings at Mount Shasta. Lester Myers of Burbank, CA once saw a group of men wearing silver garments and holding swords in the air. He heard the men chanting about the Knights Templar and how they safeguard and protect mankind. Could the Shining Armor of Sacred Vows be some kind of branch of the Knights Templar? Could there be hidden relics inside of the mountain? Another mystery that belongs to Mount Shasta.

There is all kinds of ghostly activity near and around Mount Shasta from sightings of an ethereal Sabre Tooth Tiger to the sighting of a little

boy with solid black eyes lurking in the neighboring woods. Could this be a Black Eyed Kid? Also, there have been reports of a ghostly lumberjack looking man with a plaid shirt, beard and holding an axe.

GHOSTS IDENTIFIED: THE PHANTOM SABERTOOTH TIGER; MOUNT SHASTA BLACK EYED BOY AND THE LUMBERJACK.

EPIC JEFF OF HISTORIES, MYSTERIES & STRANGENESS SAYS:

"The area around Mt. Shasta, CA has been inhabited for thousands of years. The peak the city is named after has long been viewed as a sacred place to Native American tribes in the area. It was thought that the mountain was the centre of creation, and the Great Spirit created it by pushing ice and snow through a hole from heaven and then using the mountain to step onto the earth. It was also thought that the Great Spirit, known as Skell, dwelled on the mountain after creation. It even has a story of a great flood attached to it.

New Age groups have regarded the mountain as a sacred location as well. It's been claimed that beneath the mountain is a very ancient city called Telos, which is allegedly where people from the ancient lost continent of Lemuria (a.k.a. Mu) settled after Lemuria was destroyed. Allegedly, they continue to live beneath the mountain in a utopian like civilization. Sometimes it's claimed they

are physical people, sometimes it's claimed they dwell on a different plane of existence, perhaps as 4th or 5th dimensional entities (4th dimensional denoting a higher awareness of spirituality/consciousness, 5th dimensional meaning a non-physical intelligent entity).

The story of Telos actually comes from a fictional novel called 'A Dweller on Two Planets' that was written in 1800s by Frederick Spencer Oliver. It was thought that the author must have 'channelled' the story because he was only 17 and the depth of the topics covered seem to be beyond what a 17 year old of the time would have been capable of writing.

Decades later in the 1930s, the secret society known as the Rosicrucians would popularize the belief that advanced Lemurians lived beneath Mount Shasta." Special Note from Paul Dale Roberts: I am a Rosicrucian, but have no connection to the Lemurians living beneath Mount Shasta.

From Paul: When my group HPI conducted an investigation at Mount Shasta, one of my psychics told me to take a picture of her, she felt something nearby. When I looked at the picture there was a silver disk UFO tilted in the sky behind her. This picture went coast to coast in distribution.

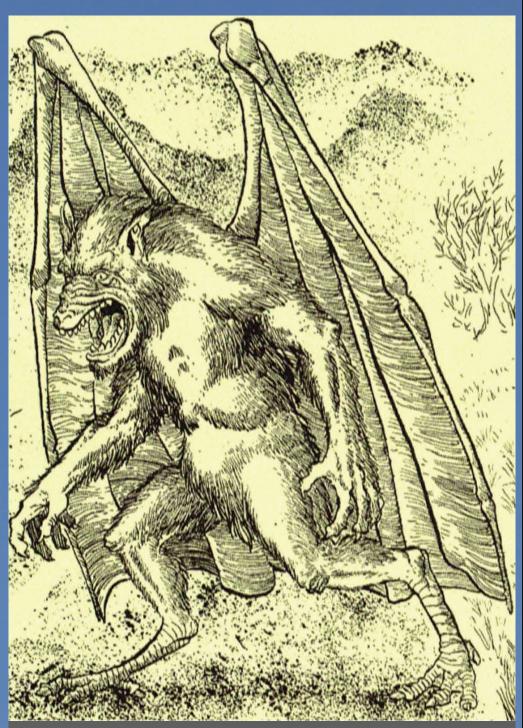
MORE HIGH STRANGENESS AND BLUE FAIRIES OF MOUNT SHASTA:

It is said that the lenticular clouds on Mount Shasta are at times natural, but sometimes a UFO mother ship will cover itself with cloud vapors and look like a lenticular cloud. Charlotte Stanton claims that she observed a lenticular cloud on Mount Shasta and as she watched it for a while, she could see the outline of a large silver ship inside the clouds.

Doris Mayweather says that she once saw tiny glowing blue fairies while she was out camping with her family. The fairies were male and female and actually had dragon fly wings she says. She goes on to say it was something right out of Disneyland and that the fairies were about an inch in length.

They would fly around quickly darting here and there and hover at one spot and then take off, she saw a total of seven fairies. So as you can see, there are many, many stories of Mount Shasta and my wife Deanna Jaxine Stinson feels drawn to this sacred mountain, she is a sensitive and yes, I will be taking her to Mount Shasta...

By Paul Dale Roberts, HPI Esoteric Detective



The first report of Batsquatch is from 1980 in the Mt. Saint Helens area.

The beast's general description is of a great winged bat with purple skin, bashing red eyes and a loud deep base yell.

Is it real? That remains to be seen, but it is as harder to prove something doesn't exist than it does.

To further complicate things, it appears that false Batsquatch information and patently fictitious accounts have found their way onto the Internet.











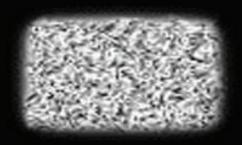
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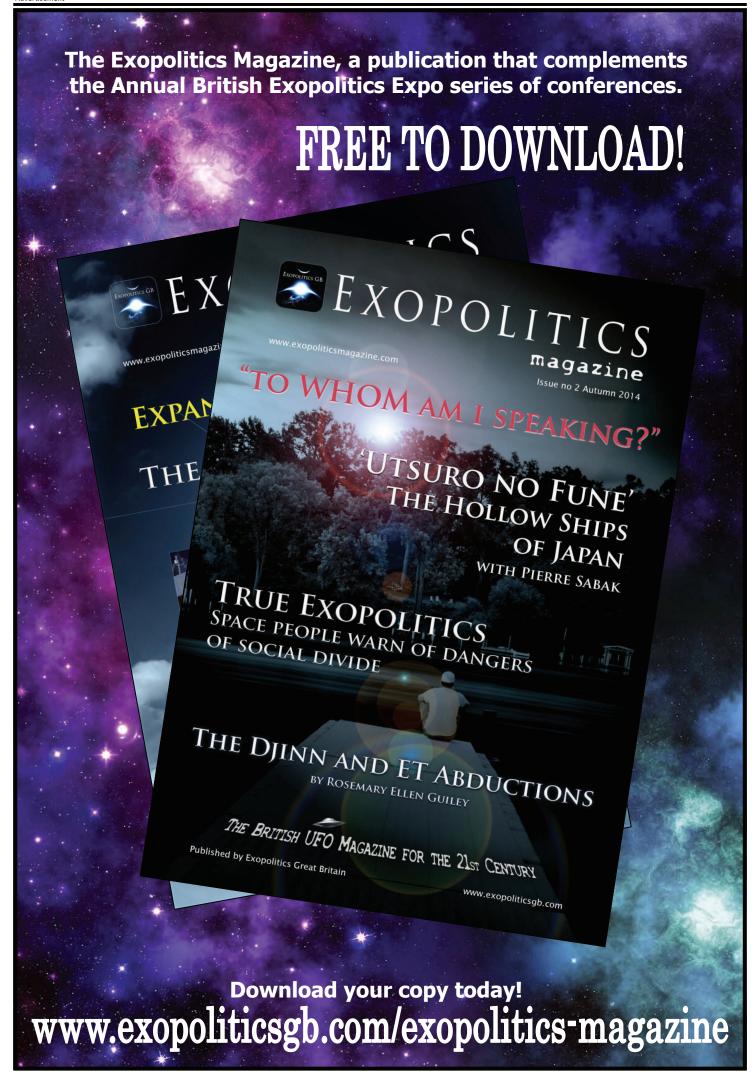
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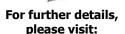
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IMPORTANT NOTICE!

It is fair to say, in this day and age, that the disconnect between mainstream media "reality" and what is really going on is getting to the point where many people in society are not being told the full story—about almost everything and anything. In geopolitics, we see media organisations such as Al Jazeera willing to totally fabricate events and broadcast them via BBC, CNN, ABC and other licensees. In what is needlessly called "alternative health", we see the might of transnational drug companies steering government health policies as well as affecting personal sovereignty in the form of forced vaccinations, freedom of choice in the treatment of serious disease, and the right to be able to purchase health products of our choosing.



In explorations of "fringe sciences", including subjects such as the Expanding Earth theory or the Electric Universe theory, we see the unexplained anomalies regarding energy, gravity, electricity and biology, being ignored, suppressed or ridiculed. I believe that it is in the open-minded exploration of such anomalies, that we actually further our scientific understanding of our universe. In discussion of consciousness and the paranormal, we again see mainstream media reporting distorted versions of events, misreporting factual data, not reporting it at all, and again, outright ridicule (snigger factor).

The fact of the matter is that people want to know more about who we are as spiritual beings, about the role of consciousness in determining how we experience life, and the role our inherent beliefs have on how we live and treat other people. I believe that the vast majority of people on this planet want to live in peace and harmony with each other, and I also believe that there are forces at work, including the military-intelligence-industrial complex, that desire and profit from manufactured conflict. We live in an era where a growing number of people are stepping up to blow the whistle on illegal and suppressed information. Information they believe is in everyone's interests to be made public. Unfortunately, despite the assurances of protection to whistleblowers from world leaders, we actually see the opposite—the suppression and persecution of such people.



And finally, we live on a planet where the way in which we live is dramatically affecting the entire ecosystem. Measurable levels of chemicals are found in the air over the entire planet—in the groundwater of every continent, and in the oceans everywhere. Why is it noble to focus on CO2 and energy saving, while ignoring the death, disease and destruction of our habitat and life forms, including our own? I have created the Alternative News Project (ANP), not as a vehicle to fight the current mainstream manufactured reality, but instead to provide a vehicle for like-minded, independent thinkers, to help create something new. Something better. Instead of endless searches on the Internet, we will bring you the news, every day, right across the spectrum of hundreds of nonmainstream news Topics. We have called it a Project, as it is not just about information—it is about the building of a global community through the distribution of information. The ANP is the first time that independent thinkers of the world (i.e. you) have a centralised location not only to see more of what going on in your world than ever before, but where you also have the opportunity to send alternative news and information from anywhere across the globe. You are the real key to our project, because by receiving information you can inform others and by contributing your knowledge to us, we can broaden our scope of services around the globe. As such, the ANP is designed to be a community-based interactive news and information project by the people for the people.

Welcome aboard the ANP, and thanks for being part of the adventure.

Duncan Roads and the ANP team

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From Disappointment to Discovery Michael Reuel finds a new doorway into the ghost story



According to writer Michael Reuel, most attempts at writing ghost stories lead to 'drab and unsatisfying' conclusions. So why would he write one for his first published work?, I asked. To say there is quite an array of ghostly goings-on in 'Not Far From Aviemore' is something of an understatement. Demonology, manifestations and the occult are applied in many blatant

and surreptitious ways that give no impression of timidity over the subject matter. Yet it turns out that being there was a complete surprise to Reuel. 'I guess a good story draws you in,' he replied.

A handicapped perspective

Pressed further on why he began with such a negative view of the genre he would come to write in, Reuel explains 'The problem isn't about writing an interesting setup, or drawing the readership in. I've come across many writers that do this brilliantly; the problem is where the story goes once you have them.

'When penning a ghost story you start from very base instincts, the fear of the dark, a haunted house, the spirit world, etc., but these plots are usually forced to conclude in a desperate and fabricated way. In other words you start from somewhere honest and end up somewhere disingenuous, as a result the reader moves from being enthralled to being dissatisfied.'

Or at least this has been his experience with the genre, one that Reuel met with often as a young reader looking to soak his imagination in the best ghost stories around; the initial excitement of a haunted complication followed by the disappointment of a saturated plot.

'The issue isn't writing ability but lack of knowledge,' he continues, 'and through no fault of the writer. Usually the plot can't go anywhere because if there is a spirit world even mediums don't know enough about it to describe it effectively. Mysteries are called mysteries for a reason, they can easily tantalise you into writing about them, but as a writer of fiction you are compelled to come up with a resolution. Choosing themes beyond mortal comprehension isn't so productive.'

A storyteller's lure

Whether we agree with this or not, none of it gets any closer to explaining why we are talking to the writer of 'Not Far From Aviemore', a novel dense in paranormal mystery and speculation. 'For sure an explanation is needed,' Reuel admits, 'I'd like to say I had a 'eureka moment', but unfortunately I can't remember one. I must have been steadily seduced by the dark side.'

A eureka moment might be lacking, but the accounts that set him upon the journey to Aviemore are quite clear, being that most notorious of spectres that haunts Scotland's Ben Macdui, the *Fear Liath Mòr*. For those unfamiliar with this Highland ghoul, the *Fear Liath Mòr* – loosely translated as the Big Grey Man of Ben Macdui – is a ghost reported to have terrified climbers of the UK's second largest mountain range.

The legend is particularly notable for the size of said ghost, generally reported to be of bizarre height, with estimates ranging from 10 to 30 feet.



These astonishing accounts have given the *Fear* a strong presence in the heart of paranormal enthusiasts since the stories first began to emerge in the 1890s. What's more, the fact that the initial accounts of this phenomenon come from respected mountaineers who never otherwise expressed an interest in the paranormal or suffered any harm to their integrity continues to add sufficient weight to the legend.

'It struck me as amazing that the stories are as raw now as they must have seemed over 100 years ago,' Reuel continues. 'Advances in psychology get us no nearer to assessing what on earth happened to Professor Collie and Dr Kellas, and later to Densham and Frere.' The phenomenon's lack of any obvious flaws appears to have drawn Reuel in, as if he was curious to know whether it would allow him to complete the ghost story he had never been able to read as a child.

'I had an inkling of something different and a strong foundation in that I didn't have to make anything up. The task was therefore to investigate rather than to create, which proved liberating.' The accounts are there for anyone to read,' Reuel explains. 'Cairngorm enthusiast Affleck Gray compiled them in the 70s and I've stayed true to them in terms of what draws my characters to the location.'

Closing an investigation

So the foundation was set, but what of the task he had set out to do? Could a genre's limitations be overturned? 'It soon became clear that the task was to starve the reader of any sense of familiarity,' he continues. 'In books and film we become accustomed to certain scares and conventions. Doesn't mean it can't be done well, but I wanted a ghost story where not only would you not see the scares coming, but

would set out not knowing what to be scared of.'

A road through the majestic Highland landscape was set then, but mission far from complete. 'Of course I then had to do what I perceived other ghost stories to have failed to do and get somewhere further. My efforts might have ended there but my research took me into uncharted territory. Several notorious accounts began to clash and I experienced something that has eluded other writers of ghost stories, the feeling that secrets were beginning to reveal themselves.'

But did he find what he was looking for ..?

Brocken Spectre: A feasible Explanation? - Phenomena Magazine

A Brocken spectre, also called Brocken bow or mountain spectre, is the apparently enormous and magnified shadow of an observer, cast upon the upper surfaces of clouds opposite the sun. The phenomenon can appear on any misty mountainside or cloud bank, even when seen from an aeroplane, but the frequent fogs and low-altitude accessibility of the Brocken, a peak in the Harz Mountains in Germany, have created a local legend from which the phenomenon draws its name. The Brocken spectre was observed and described by Johann Silberschlag in 1780, and has since been recorded often in literature about the region.

The "spectre" appears when the sun shines from behind the observer, who is looking down from a ridge or peak into mist or fog. The light projects their shadow through the mist, often in a triangular shape due to perspective. [1] The apparent magnification of size of the shadow is an optical illusion that occurs when the observer judges his or her shadow on relatively nearby clouds to be at the same distance as faraway land objects seen through gaps in the clouds, or when there are no reference points by which to judge its size. The shadow also falls on water droplets of varying distances from the eye, confusing depth perception. The ghost can appear to move (sometimes suddenly) because of the movement of the cloud layer and variations in density within the cloud.

The head of the figure is often surrounded by the glowing halo-like rings of a glory—rings of coloured light that appear directly opposite the sun when sunlight meets a cloud of uniformly-sized water droplets...



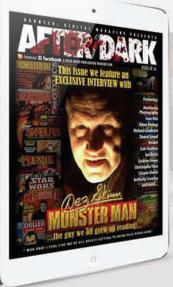
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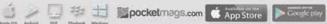
















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August 14 - **New Moon.** The Moon will located on the same side of the Earth as the Sun and will not be visible in the night sky. This phase occurs at 14:53 UTC. This is the best time of the month to observe faint objects such as galaxies and star clusters because there is no moonlight to interfere.

August 29 - Full Moon, Supermoon. The Moon will be located on the opposite side of the Earth as

the Sun and its face will be will be fully illuminated. This phase occurs at 18:35 UTC. This full moon was known by early Native American tribes as the Full Sturgeon Moon because the large sturgeon fish of the Great Lakes and other major lakes were more easily caught at this time of year. This moon has also been known as the Green Corn Moon and the Grain Moon. This is also the first of three supermoons for 2015. The Moon will be at its closest approach to the Earth and may look slightly larger and brighter than usual.



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Main cast: Charlie Tahan, Michael Shannon, Natasha Calis, Peter Fonda Smantha Morton.

Price: £



This was designated as a horror film, well strictly speaking it is not, rather it's a kind of dramatic psychological thriller. The plot concerns Andy, a sickly boy who is bedridden and only sees life through his bedroom window. He is spotted by a girl, Maryann, who befriends him and visits by climbing in through his window.

However she is discovered and the child's father, although friendly, advises her not to return and the mother (who is clearly obsessive) visits the girl's parents and asks them to keep their daughter away. Anyway, the girl continues to visit while the parents are away, but when they return unexpectedly, she is forced to hide in the basement of the house where she finds another boy who is even sicklier also confined to bed. The boy's parents find out and the mother really starts to lose the plot and takes her rage out on the boy in the upstairs room. It soon materialises that there is something very sinister afoot, but to say more would spoil what is really very decent plot. This is an effective bit of story telling and despite the actions of the slightly unhinged mother; you can almost feel sorry for her. The film deservedly acquired a cult following and is well worth a watch.

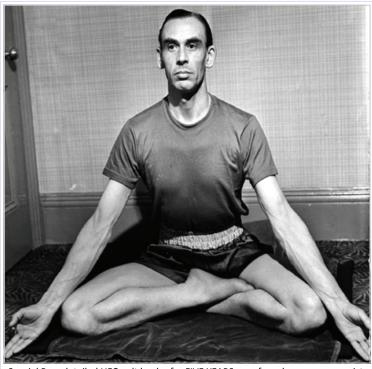
PARANORMAL NEWS



PHENOMENA ISSUE 76

NEWS ITEMS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

AUGUST 2015



Special Branch tailed UFO cult leader for FIVE YEARS over fears he was communist:

Special branch operatives tailed a UFO cult leader who said he was in telepathic contact with aliens

By Nick Gutteridge

The bizarre high-level decision saw Scotland Yard's finest infiltrating rallies and meetings of George King's secretive 'space society' amid fears it was a front for Russian spies.

The former London cabbie claimed he could communicate with an alien called Aetherius, who was orbiting Mars. In another of his freakish outbursts he warned the public that space travellers from Venus were already living among them. However, it has now emerged that detectives from the Metropolitan Police feared his zany antics may have been an elaborate front for Soviet

They launched a five-year surveillance operation into his activities, which was revealed for the first time today after Scotland Yard unsealed top secret documents. A modern day member of his Aetherius Society, which still has more than 1,000 members, branded the police operation "ridiculous".

Classified files reveal how detectives studied pamphlets and quizzed elderly ladies about their beliefs, whilst King made TV history by going into a trance live on BBC2 to relay a message from 'Mars Sector 6'. The half-hour broadcast, called Mars and Venus Speak to Earth, featured King speaking about his strange cosmic experiences to a consultant psychiatrist, who bizarrely the BBC refused to name. The anonymous presenter then interviewed the alien Aetherius during the ambitious live broadcast, shown in 1959. An enraptured audience was told that King was in a trance and the alien had taken over his vocal chords.

Meanwhile, detectives mingled with his followers at meetings in halls, noting

they were either "elderly ladies in felt hats" or "earnest young men in duffle coats". They suspected that his bizarre antics were all part of a Communist plot to overthrow democracy and stop Britain becoming a nuclear power.

Top secret files reveal that police launched their probe after the now defunct Empire News newspaper picked up King's anti-nuclear rhetoric and linked his UFO society to Moscow.

The paper handed over copies of the society's Cosmic Voice newsletter to detectives, in which the cult leader wrote that aliens had appealed to him to stop nuclear experimentation. King himself claimed to have heard a voice while drying the dishes, telling him that he was to be the messenger for an "inter planetary Parliament". He later told followers he had been visited by aliens who had taught him yoga and telepathy to communicate with the mothership.

After emerging exhausted from his trances, King urged his audience to "ban the atom bomb" and claimed he had been given the date of World War Three. Special Branch interest intensified when King organised the world's first public rally "to demand the truth about flying saucers" in Trafalgar Square in August 1958.

The secret dossier - obtained from the Metropolitan Police under the Freedom of Information Act - reveals how this and a subsequent demo in 1959 were both infiltrated by undercover officers. It noted: "He himself has a brisk business-like air and wears a blazer ostentatiously bearing the emblem of the Aetherius Society in gold thread. "Since its inception, the Aetherius Society is said to have grown from a few members to the largest metaphysical society of its

kind. "It boasts of branches operating in Australia, Canada, South Africa, Rhodesia, Japan, West Africa, Canada and the Netherlands." In spite of being ridiculed by the mainstream media, King's public meetings became more frequent and support for his organisation blossomed world-wide.

The secret dossier was obtained by British X-Files expert Dr David Clarke, who will use the findings in his new book How UFOS Conquered the World. He said: "This was at the height of Cold War paranoia about 'Reds under the Beds.

"King's society also organised the very first public UFO disclosure protest - decades before UFO believers called on US Presidents to reveal 'the truth' about Roswell. "Special Branch later dismissed the movement as a money-making scam.

"But the fact remains that King lived a relatively modest lifestyle until his death in California in 1997, where he had emigrated," Dr Clarke added. "Special Branch interest in the Society faded away in the 1960s - clearly because investigations found no evidence King was involved in spreading Soviet propaganda."

The Fulham-based Aetherius Society - Britain's first flying saucer religious society- was founded in the mid-1950s by King and still has 1,000 UK members. Mark Bennett from the society said: "There's nothing remotely red about the society. I'm amazed they went to all that trouble.

"At the end of the day, Dr King's claims are true. It's the most ridiculous thing in the world to think that we were anything to do with Communism. "It does not make any sense on any level. But it was a paranoid time." A Scotland Yard spokesman said: "We've got no knowledge of this."

MAN WHO CLAIMS TO HAVE 'DIED TWICE' REVEALS WHAT REALLY HAPPENS WHEN WE DIE



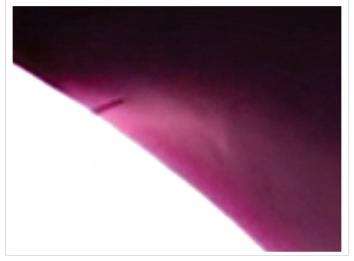
By Rachel Moss: Huffington Post

What happens when we die? Is there such a thing as life after death? These questions have divided opinion for centuries, but one man who claims to have "died twice" says he knows the answer. Writing on Reddit, the man in question (Reddit user @r00tdude) says he has died twice. The first time was after his body shut down from pain and physical damages caused by a motorcycle accident. The second time, he claims, occurred when he received too many painkillers after surgery. The pain, coupled with the pain killers, caused his pulse to drop to around 10bpm and his respiratory system shut down. The man, who is 22 years old, offered to answer questions about his two experiences online. Unsurprisingly, his story gained a lot of attention. Reddit user @Anablue asked him whether he experienced anything mentally when his body shut down. He replied: "I wish I could say yes, but the truth is that both times I was just 'not there'. It was just all black. "I would describe it as when you take a nap. A short nap with no dream, you wake up and it feels like you've been sleeping a long time, when in reality it's only been about 15 minutes. "Also, I was extremely exhausted when I "came back to life". It felt like I had just completely used up all the energy I had in my body."

The man says he would have been unaware of what had happened to him if it had not been for doctors saying: "You died for a couple of minutes." As an atheist, his experience of "nothingness" hasn't made him fear death. "I saw absolutely nothing. No dreams, no light, nothing. Imagine just black nothingness and that's what I experienced," he says. "I know it sounds depressing as fuck that when you die there's absolutely nothing, you just disappear. But honestly, this has made me fear death less. "When you die, you just die. No more worries, none at all. That is the greatest peace you will ever find, no heaven could ever match that I think." The man believes that death is the end of life and the end of your existence in the universe. But he says his two experiences have changed his outlook on life for the better. "All I want to accomplish in life is to have fun and make other peoples lives better as best as I can," he says. "No personal achievement will matter to me once I'm dead, the only thing that will live on after my death will be my impact on the people that are still alive. And hopefully my impact will be positive!"

The man's experience of nothingness seems to contradict the findings of a study on life after death conducted by researchers at the University of Southampton. The researchers examined more than 2,000 cases of cardiac arrest and found that 40% of patients who had been revived after experiencing cardiac arrest had some sort of "awareness" during the period when they were "clinically dead." One man was even able to able to accurately describe what was happening in the room while he was unconscious.

UFO '100' mile mothership seen looming over Lunar surface



By Jonathan Vankin of the Inquisitr

A massive UFO "mothership" was photographed looming over the surface of A massive UFO "mothership" was photographed looming over the surface of the moon last month — a ship that appears to be 100 miles long — at least according to analysis of the images by a prominent UFO researcher, who took a long, hard look at a YouTube video that claims to show "weird lunar flashes or pulses" along with "many weird anomalies [that] dart through frame." But at the 3:55 mark of the video, according to top online UFO expert Scott C. Waring of the popular *UFO Sightings Daily* blog, a monstrous object can be seen, appearing to protrude from the moon's surface, or perhaps from behind its horizon. Waring isolated the images from the video, which was posted on July 28 by a well-known YouTube UFO archivist who goes by the screen name Crow777. So what is the strange, and strangely phallic, protuberance seen in the moon images? Here is how Waring sees it. "At 3:55 into the video, Crow777 catches a long tubular object hovering over the edge of the video, Crow777 catches a long tubular object hovering over the edge of the moon. This is a mothership," Waring wrote in a Thursday entry on his blog. "This ship is several hundred miles across and seems to sit there for a the moon. This is a mothership, waring wrote in a indisady entry of misblog. "This ship is several hundred miles across and seems to sit there for a while. He also catches flashes of light heading toward the moon. These small flashes or cloud like objects are really alien ships slowing down from light speed. That is why it's slower and looks like a cloud," Waring wrote. Of course, the gigantic "mothership" is far from the first alleged UFO spotted by online researchers on or above the surface of the moon. In one recent example, about one month ago, a UFO researcher examining NASA moon photos found what appeared to be a rock mysteriously floating in space over the lunar surface. The apparent breakaway rock was actually a camouflaged interstellar spacecraft, according to Waring. "They create ships and buildings that blend into the environment," Waring wrote of the "race" behind that particular UFO, when he publicized the find on his blog. Skeptics say that this and other photographic "evidence" of UFOs on the moon are nothing more than imperfections in the pixelated images — or natural formations on the lunar surface that are misinterpreted by untrained observers. Sometimes, however, the claims go beyond simple photographic evidence. Earlier this year, several other UFO-related online publications claimed that a NASA "whistleblower," a Dr. Eric Norton — identified on one UFO blog as "an outside consultant for the NSA and NASA for the past 12 years" — was reported to have observed a UFO "fleet" advancing toward Earth from a position on the far, or "dark" side of the moon. Could the "mothership" be related to this "fleet?" UFO researchers are likely already looking for evidence to support that hypothesis. that hypothesis.

Watch the video at: https://www.youtube.com/watch?t=133&v=VdyYKGeSekQ

Swindon crop circle has raised more than £5,000



ITV News: A bird-like crop circle which appeared in a wheat field near Swin-ITV News: A bird-like crop circle which appeared in a wheat field near Swindon, has helped to raise more than £5,000 so far for the Great Western Hospital. Walkers are being asked to donate £3 to see it with the money hoping to fund a new radiotherapy unit at the hospital. The unexplained formation appeared at Weir Farm, which is owned by farmer James Hussey, who lost his wife Gill to cancer last year. Mr Hussey has teamed up with crop circle researcher Paul Jacobs to offer passers-by the chance to learn more about it. It's absolutely fantastic what James and Paul are doing for our Radiotherapy Appeal – I have been up to see the crop circle and it really is very impressive. This is another brilliant example of an innovative way to raise money being used to help bring life-saving treatment to Swindon. used to help bring life-saving treatment to Swindon.

IT CAME FROM THE SKIES TO TERRORISE A QUIET ORDINARY ENGLISH TOWN: 'THE WARMINSTER THING'





The Sun

FIFTY years ago this weekend a Wiltshire garrison town was in the grip of UFO frenzy: Hundreds of locals were convinced they had seen and heard . . . the Warminster Thing. And while occasional UFO sightings were not unheard of at the time, this was the UK's first recognised "mass sighting". The people of this market town, with a population of 17,000, were so terrified they were being invaded by aliens from outer space that they called a public meeting over the August bank holiday. In the weeks that followed in 1965, thousands of UFO spotters from all over the world camped out on the three hills above the town, hoping for what would become known as an encounter of the third kind. Today, half a century later, an exclusive Sun survey reveals 82 per cent of people in Britain believe there could be aliens out there. And this weekend UFO experts are travelling to Warminster to mark the 50th anniversary of what is seen as Britain's "Roswell". Peter Paget, scheduled to speak at the meeting, says: "The local community did not know what to make of it. They were confused. "Things were happening around them that they had no way of relating to. People were scared." The story of the Warminster Thing actually began the previous Christmas morning when people were woken by a menacing sound of sudden vibrations overhead. At just after 6am, while housewife Marjorie Bye was walking to church, the noise seemed to pound her head, neck and shoulders. Mrs Bye said the shock waves were so violent they made her feel weak and unable to move. Strange noises continued to be heard for the next few months. The military Bye said the shock waves were so violent they made her reel weak and unable to move. Strange noises continued to be heard for the next few months. The military denied involvement. Then on May 19, the first UFO appeared. Three times that week Hilda Hebdidge saw "silent, stationary cigar shapes, covered in winking bright lights." Weeks later Harold and Dora Horlock saw an object in the sky with "twin hot pokers hanging downwards, one on top of the other with black space in between". That night at Shearwater lake, 17 people fishing or bathing witnessed a cigar-shaped orange glow in the sky that remained visible for more than 20 minutes. He said: "As if flew fast and low over the town I could just make out the unusual shape. It made no noise. "Hurriedly, I got my camera free and pointed it at the craft, but the line of flight was too fast to follow. So I held the camera well in front of it and pressed the Shuttlewood sent the photo to Fleet Street and the Warminster Thing put the town on the map all over the world. Late in 1965, Shuttlewood, who died in 1996, claimed to have met an alien called Karne from the planet Aestsa. He said: "Karne had no pupils in his eyes and blue blotches on his cheekbones and lips." For years afterwards, the large hills above the town were regularly packed with skywatchers. More latterly, both David Bowie and Mick Jagger visited Warminster, along with thousands of others, as the town established itself as Britain's unofficial UFO HQ. Sightings of the Thing eventually slowed in the Seventies. Paget says: "I think the locals heaved a sigh of relief as they didn't want to be considered as weird. But I don't think the town really appreciates what the Thing did for them." An event to mark the 50th anniversary of the Thing is being held at Warminster's Old Bell Inn on Saturday, organised by author Kevin Goodman who wrote books on the phenomenon Cradle Of Contact and History Of A Mystery.

For more info on the 50th anniversary UFO conference in Warminster you can go to



NSW SKYWATCHER WHO FILMED UFOS SAYS HE QUIZZED BY MEN IN BLACK



By Tim Barlass

There's a movie being screened in Sydney next week that is sure to polarise its audience. It's called *Australien Skies*.

It's a documentary about some of the unexplained stuff seen by people who call themselves skywatchers. The timing is good. Earlier this month Russian billionaire Yuri Milner announced he would spend at least \$US100 million (\$138m) to see if there really is anything "out there". Australia will contribute to the effort using the CSIRO's Parkes radio telescope.



There is an intriguing story in the documentary from Kiama told by Liam Freaney. He's a builder, married with two kids and is a pretty regular kind of guy who, two years ago, had no particular interest in UFOs or staring up at the heavens.

But in March 2013, he and a workmate saw in the daylight, bright stars gathering around a ball of white light which disappeared and reappeared before being approached by what he describes as a F18 Super Hornet. Then everything vanished

A few months later he started seeing objects regularly and bought a video camera to film them. But then things, he says, took a slightly sinister turn. Helicopters started hovering low over his house.

"I would see and film an object then directly afterwards I would get home and a helicopter would show up and sit over the house," he said. "So I started filming the helicopters as well as the unidentified flying objects. It happened over and over again, 20 or 30 times at least.

"When they hover the height of a lamp post above your house and lean out the window it's definitely not military training."

"These things will go invisible in front of you then reappear then shoot across the sky into a pinprick and then come straight back in front of you at

incredible speed. Maybe I have filmed something I shouldn't have. That's a possibility."

He got in touch with Damien Nott and with Mariana Flynn, president of UFO Research NSW. She said they had reports of black helicopters flying over numerous homes. "There have been reports of people leaning out of the helicopter with a camera and filming," she said.

Mr Freaney was last year going to give a talk about his experience to her UFO group. The event had been publicised on the internet. It was two weeks before the talk and he was near home when he noticed a car behind him.

"It had flashing lights inside the front grill. It was a black car. I stopped. Two guys got out of the black Holden Statesman with a Canberra plate.

"One approached the window and he said: 'Good day Liam, how are you?' I said 'This is really strange.' He said: 'Yep, but you know what it is about. We'd like it if you didn't do your talk.' They said it would be better off for me to keep my mouth shut and to have a good day and then left."



He decided it might be wise not to give the talk. Now he has changed his mind. "I am well aware of the situation I am putting myself in," he said. "The purpose of this whole two and a half years of contact that has happened to me I believe is for me to pass on the message that it is happening and that it is real. The only thing I have got out of it is to tell people what I am seeing."



Watch out for this incredible UFO documentary: Australian Skies.

How realistic is the TV series 'Proof'? As a real Near Death Experiencer.



By Kristal Brent Zook: Special to The Washington Post

How realistic is your favourite paranormal TV drama? Fans didn't seem to waste much time wondering how realistic the smoke monster of Lost was — or quibbling that parallel universes never really collide quite the way they did on Fringe. But Proof, a new summer series on TNT, practically invites that kind of analysis. The drama, which debuted last month to decent ratings, stars Jennifer Beals as a brilliant cardiothoracic surgeon recruited by a billionaire to investigate near-death experiences, while still reeling from a personal brush with mortality that brought eerie visions of her late son. You may or may not believe in such phenomena, but there are serious researchers exploring this realm. The show's executive producers say they looked for inspiration from the academic work of the University of Virginia's Division of Perceptual Studies — one of only two university-affiliated labs in the country still doing parapsychology research. "Can consciousness exist outside the body?" asks creator Rob Bragin, who executive-produced the series with Tom Jacobson. "Just being able to ask the question is a good thing." So how realistic does Proof seem to real-life near-death researchers? Take the scenario presented in the season premiere: A child dies and has an out-of-body experience while clinically dead. Somehow, after being resuscitated, she's able to describe the exact running shoes Beals's character wore in the operating room and draw a picture of her father punching a vending machine in the next room — events that she should have no knowledge of. It sounded familiar to Jim Tucker, director of U.Va.'s perceptual studies lab and an associate professor of psychiatry and neurobehavioral sciences. "Patients who've died for a time have accurately reported conversations that took place outside of their hospital rooms, or even down the hall." he said. "Some have reported seeing deceased relatives that at the time they didn't know were deceased."

Sam Parnia, who has done similar work at Stony Brook University School of Medicine, tried to test the phenomenon by placing specific images on the ceilings of operating rooms to see if patients resuscitated after full cardiac arrest could recall them — part of a long-term study at 15 hospitals in the United States, United Kingdom and Austria. Getting sufficient data was challenging, he acknowledged. "Most people who die don't come back, only about 10 percent," he said, and those that do generally suffer memory loss. Still, about 1.5 percent of surviving patients in the study, he said, had "explicit recall" of events going on in the room that they shouldn't have been aware of. One was a patient who was fully gone - but could remember the exact phrase his defibrillator machine uttered ("shock advised") and the number of times he was shocked (twice). Another episode of Proof showed a more distressing side of a near-death experience: A hardened criminal flatlines and is tormented by visions of the victims he has killed. Melodramatic? Sure, but it also rang true to Tucker. As many as 20 percent of people reporting near-death experiences describe it as a distressing occurrence, he said. They talk of "hellish landscapes," feelings of an "eternal void" and a sense of "nonexistence," rather than the stereotypical white light and visions of loved ones. But it's also true that some — like the woman with the green scarf, a recurring character on Proof — are so profoundly changed by their brush with death that they never fully return to their worldly reality. "Having a near-death experience opens many people to having repeated exceptional experiences, such as subsequent out-of-body and visionary experiences," said Bruce Greyson, a professor emeritus and former director of U.Va.'s perceptual studies lab. "Many report continuing to hear helpful, guiding voices in times of crisis." But the researchers give a thumbs-down to the show's treatment of reincarnation studies. "Seems a little unrealistic," said Tucker, after watching

Another reincarnation-themed episode gave more cause for quibble. In it, an 8-year-old boy sees a piano for the first time and instantly starts playing Mozart. As the plot unfolds, it turns out he shares striking similarities with a child prodigy who died of a rare heart defect 10 months before the 8-year-old was born, and the coincidences pile up — same blood types, phobias, physical traits. Said Tucker: "I like that they mentioned that there are cases involving similar phobias and birthmarks, which is often true. The problem is that they left out the most important part, which is that the children we work with report actual memories of past lives. ... I understand dramatic license. But I'd hope that people wouldn't think that's all there is to it with children and past-life memories." Overall, the researchers harbor some fondness for their TV counterparts. "It shows that there's a range of phenomena that we can't currently explain," Greyson said, approvingly. Check Proof out. A new TV series, investigating the concept of the afterlife and Near Death Excperiences.

Phenomena Magazine often provides details in regards not only well established organisations, but also newcomers to the subject of UFO and Paranormal investigation and research.

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Editors note: This new article shares a strange resonance with the propensity of people to try to assuage unquiet sprits with gifts; especially when the spirits are those of children. One good example of what follows can be seen in the world famous 'Mary Kings Close' in Edinburgh, where visitors to the attraction, which is situated on Edinburgh's 'Royal Mile', have left many gifts of toys (mainly dolls) as gifts for the spirit of a little girl who is said to have died in one particular room in the 'Close'. This practice can also often be seen in cemeteries where toys and other mementos are often left on the graves of young children.

Our boat moves calmly across the placid canal waters. The pace is slow, but in this part of the world, rushing through things borders on sinful behavior. The craft is a "tranjineras", brightly painted in vibrant reds, yellows, green and white. It's a canoe -like vessel, propelled gondola style, by a short Mexican man using a pole to push us along the canal.

The journey has taken two hours under the blazing sun of Mexico, but the destination is finally in sight. It's a small island buried deep in this region's complex canal system and the locals say it is haunted. It is known as La Isla de las Munecas. The Island of the Dolls.

A stillness fills the air as we approach the island. Even the water seems calmer than usual and the breeze is non-existent. There's a sense of anticipation and quiet excitement at finally reaching this strange destination, but there's something else too. The place feels outside of reality, the very air gripped in the clutches of something unseen, something waiting and watching. The boat pulls up to the island next to a shallow flight of steps that lead to the land. You can feel the eyes on you even before you leave the boat. They are watching from every direction. Hundreds, perhaps thousands of lifeless, artificial eyes on the dolls that populate the island. While their presence is obvious from the boat, once on land it is clear that they dominate this remote corner of Mexico.

They hang from the branches of every tree in sight, strung up with rusted metal wire, hanging by worn threads, tucked into the branches of gnarled trees. Some have been in place so long that nature has grown around them, causing weird marriages of root, vine and plastic. They can be seen on the highest limbs, and they are on the ground, staring up from the rich, wet soil. Some are missing limbs and are worn from their time spent under the southern sun. Others looked abused by the rain and time. Sometimes there's only the head of a doll, eyes wide, casting an accusing glance at their island's newest intruders.

The dolls are said to be haunted, possessed by a spirit unable to find peace. This restless soul is forever destined to spend its time on the island, attempting to lure in those foolish enough to fall under the spell of the place.

Gathering the Dolls.

The island's origins lie in the mysterious death of a young girl who perished in the canal and the man obsessed with appeasing her restless spirit. In the 1940's, Don Julian Santana was a married man with a small family, living quietly in the coastal region of Mexico. No one knows why, but in 1950,



Don Julian suddenly left his family and the world behind and moved to a small island deep in the canals south of Mexico City.

The island became Don Julian's home for the remaining fifty years of his life. He lived quietly for a time, taking trips to nearby port cities on a regular basis for supplies. He and his wife never divorced, though he only saw her, or his kids, on rare occasions. He never invited his family or any friends to visit him on his island. It appeared that Don Julian simply wanted to disconnect from the world and live out the rest of his days as a hermit.

Locals in the nearby cities all knew Don Julian and they left him alone, exercising courtesy, and respecting his desire for privacy when he came into town. The reclusive man began to exhibit odd behavior however, and locals became unnerved by his actions. Townspeople began to notice the hermit digging in trash heaps and garbage dumps when he came into port. However Don Julian wasn't just scavenging for essentials though; he was looking for a particular item: dolls!

The old man would make an effort to obtain dolls on each of his visits to the mainland. In fact, he started bringing things with him to barter. Often fresh fruits grown on his island, or other items he had acquired. He would offer what he had in exchange for dolls. He didn't even care whether or not a doll was broken or missing pieces, it was only important that he obtain as many as he could. Eventually, curiosity got the better of one of the residents and he asked Don Julian why he was so focused on collecting dolls. The response was both disturbing and compelling.

Don Julian told the man that his island was haunted by the ghost of a little girl

who had drowned in the nearby canal system. The girl's spirit was taunting Don Julian and the only way he believed he could appease her was by bringing her dolls and distracting her so she would not focus on him. The story spread like wild-fire in the close knit, agricultural region and the legend of the Island of the Dolls began.

Surreal Scenery.

Walking around the island is akin to a stroll in Wonderland. That is, a very bent, surreal version of Wonderland. It's doubtful any rabbit would be comfortable here with plastic eyes watching from every direction. The dolls themselves are worn and tattered. Exotic spiders and other insects have made their homes in some of the countless plastic limbs and torsos. We stroll down a dirt path leading to the center of the island. Around a bend, a doll's head suddenly comes into view, half hidden by limbs and debris, its single eye staring with a life it shouldn't have.

It's hard to equate these strange decorations with living, breathing children. These toys are far from department store shelves and most of them don't look like they should be dangling from the hand of playful little girls. Legends say that Don Julian would often fish dolls out of the canal. He believed that they were sent by the spirit of the dead girl, a message that she was still present. He would promptly hang the dolls around the island in tribute.

In keeping with tradition, we have brought offerings to the restless soul. Candles, a handful of candy and of course, a doll. All purchased from local vendors when we hired the boat. Locals are more than willing to cater to those brave, or stupid, enough to come to this unusual

place. Using some twine, I hang the doll on a tree near the ramshackle shack at the center of the island. This was Don Julian's shelter and it seems a fitting place to leave the toy. Locals believe that his spirit still resides on the island, watching over his artistic creation and forever trying to appease the spirit of the little girl. We meet a member of Don Julian's family working as a caretaker for the island. He welcomes visitors, shares stories, and of course, collects a small fee for the privilege of taking pictures of the location's famous residents.

He tells us that Don Julian suddenly stopped going into town in 2001. It took the locals some time to work up their courage, but eventually they made the trip to the island to check on the old man. They found him lying dead in the water, in the same spot where the little girl reportedly drowned. While some believed the spirit had finally lured the hermit to a watery death, others insisted that he was drowned by the possessed dolls themselves. Adding to the mystery, no cause of death has ever been listed for Don Julian, though many believe he simply had a heart attack.

"There are many stories that tell why the dolls are here" the caretaker tells us.

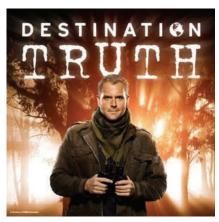
"Some of the people believed that Don Julian was mad, but I don't believe that. When he first came to the island, he started to believe that the spirit of a young girl was here. She had drowned in the canal nearby and just after that he found the first doll floating in the water. He fished it out and tied it to a tree near the water to make the dead girl happy. He felt it would protect him from any evil. Soon, he felt that he had to add another doll, and another. It just never stopped."

Media Attention.

A number of television shows have filmed segments on the bizarre island. Popular travel host and food specialist Anthony Bourdain visited the location in 2008 while filming an episode of "No Reservations" in Mexico City. While Bourdain didn't witness any paranormal activity, he did speak with members of Don Julian's family who reported that the elderly man had become depressed and physically ill due to his obsessive work trying to appease the spirit of the deceased girl.

In 2009, Josh Gates and his "Destination Truth" crew journeyed to the island in the third season of the hit television show. The team spent the night on the island investigating various areas for ghostly activity. Gates and crew did encounter unexplained activity including EVPs (electronic voice phenomena) unidentified thermal camera images and strange noises. The team also documented a doll suddenly opening its

eye, seemingly in response to a comment made by Josh Gates himself. The media attention that the island has received has increased tourism to the creepy little spot. Travelers arrive on a regular basis now, bringing dolls to add to the ever growing collection. In time, these new additions will take on the weathered, grungy appearance of those already dwelling on the island.



Departing Voices.

Leaving the island has a strange effect. There's something that pulls at you, compelling you to stay. I ask our boat's pilot about coming back to the island at night and what he thinks about the population of creepy dolls that dominate the land-scape.

"I won't go near the place after dark" he insists.

"In the night, you can hear whispered voices, sometimes singing. The dolls talk to each other. They are possessed by restless spirits. They try to lure you in the darkness, hoping that you will drown. If you get close enough and if there is moonlight, you will see the dolls moving and you will see their eyes open and close."

Indeed, my own recordings made while on the island contain strange sounds and whispers. Perhaps the restless souls of the little girl and the deceased caretaker attempting to make contact with the living.

The guide's comments echo a common theme in stories about the island. People say the dolls move around at will, not bound by the wires and ropes that seemingly hold them in position. Walking around, there's always the sense that perhaps something just moved behind you or in the corner of your eye. Is it the wind causing the effect, or something else?

Natural decomposition has added its touch to the bizarre gallery of grimy toys. Dolls are cracked and decayed. Some of the faces look agonized.

Animals and insects have plucked at the false hair, often leaving only tufts sticking off to move in the wind. The sun has created blisters on plastic faces and over time, the rain has worn away outer colors, leaving some dolls with a skeletal like appearance. Don Julian believed that the voices of spirits wanted him to die. His constant fear drove him to create a landscape that looks like something from the mind of a mad man. But was the old hermit really insane?

In truth, it hardly matters whether or not the Island of the Dolls is genuinely haunted. It exists as one of the strangest locations on earth, created almost solely by one man's tormented mind. The symbols of his struggle to find peace hang from endless branches around the island.

A reminder that, left to dwell in a solitary world, the human mind can become fragile and delusional, or perhaps it opens up to a level of perception that few experience in the modern world. Whether through madness or genius, Don Julian Santana created a legacy that will survive for many generations to come. The Island of the Dolls is a symbol both sad and strange. Those who chose to journey to it will find a portal to long forgotten memories and perhaps a spirit or two.

Reaching the Island of the Dolls.

A journey to the Island of the Dolls is not an easy task. The island is located almost twenty miles south of the center of Mexico City. Far from the urban sprawl of the huge metropolis, this is a rich farmland stepped in tradition and superstition.

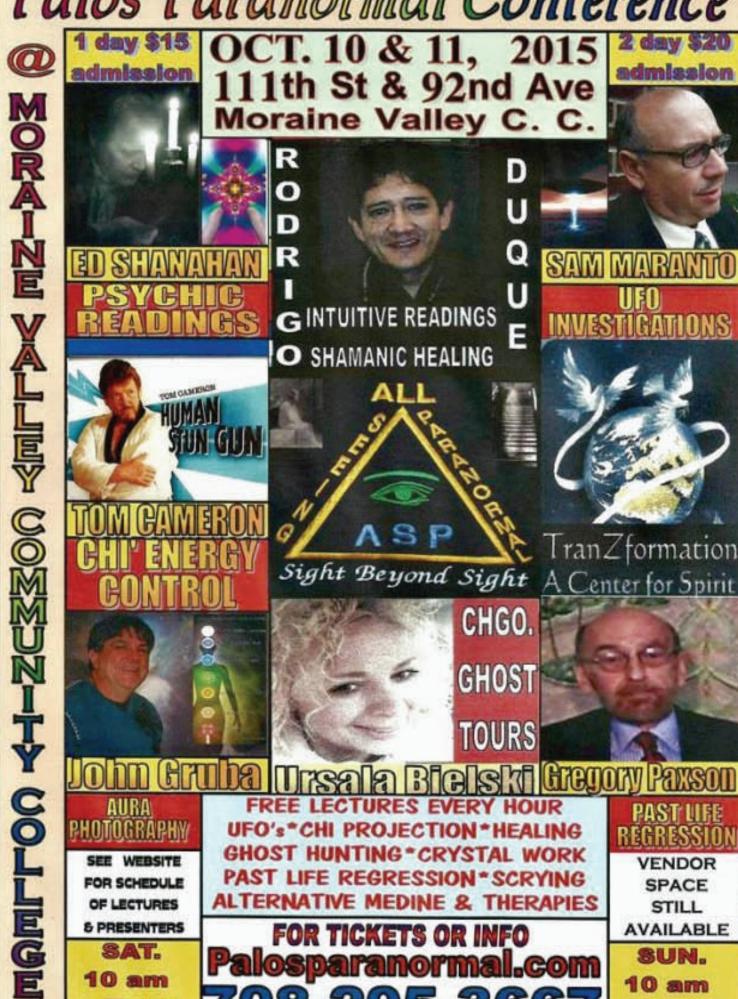
The island is in the Xochimilco borough, (pronounced: so-chee-mel-koh) a region crisscrossed by a large network of canals. These canals are the last remnants of an ancient body of water known as Lake Xochimilco. To navigate the canals of Xochimilco, it is necessary to hire a tranjinera. Tranjineras are brightly colored wooden boats propelled by the use of a long pole, much like the famous gondolas of Venice.

The trip to the Island of the Dolls from Mexico City takes about two hours each way by boat. There are few natives who speak English in this region, so it is important that you are able to make the boat's pilot understand that you want to go to "La Isla de las Munecas", otherwise you could end up on a basic tour around the canals.

And don't forget to pick up a doll and some offerings before the journey, otherwise you may anger whatever spirits call this strange little place home...

By David Weatherly

Palos Paranormal Conference



- 7 pm

Book Reviews

This months selection of interesting books.



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Title: Liber L. vel Bogus: The Real Confession of Aleister Crowley

Author: Richard T Cole (edited by Sadie Sparkes)
Publisher: Privately Published by New Aeon

ISBN: 978-1-900962-86-5

Price: £12.00



This is absolutely the best book concerning the self-styled, late Victorian, early 20th century magickian Aleister Crowley that I have ever read. This is not another example of the many (sometimes sycophantic) biographies and hagiographies of Crowley, no; this is something very different indeed. This book takes what has to be Crowley's' seminal work, his *raison d'etre* if you like, the 'Book of the Law' or 'Liber L. vel Legis', the work that lies at the very core of his belief system of Thelema and tears it apart. 'Liber L. vel Legis' was supposedly dictated to the magickian by a superhuman entity called Aiwass and as such its wisdom was deemed irrefutable and superficially this was the case until Richard T. Cole decided to take a close look at the finished work and the several drafts that preceded it.

We see the author take an almost forensic approach to what exists and reveal the many discrepancies that litter the work. From what the Cole has revealed, either Aiwass was not all it/he was cracked up to be, or Crowley was a very inaccurate channel for the information, (or worst of all the entire book was solely Crowley's invention and designed to help him achieve control over the 'Golden Dawn'). What the book also reveals in no uncertain terms is that Aleister Crowley, while almost certainly the man whose ethos instigated the New Age, for all his superficial charm and undoubted charisma was an extremely dangerous and unstable psychopath. The author does this by applying guidelines developed by the Canadian psychologist Robert D. Hare (the Hare Psychopathy Checklist) to Crowley and his score is almost off the scale, although whether this will be well received by those who still idolise Crowley will remain to be seen. However, this meticulously researched and accessible book richly deserves a place on the bookshelves of any serious student of the paranormal, magick and the occult, don't think twice about it, go and buy it.



Title: From Burnout to Brilliance

Author: Jayne Morris Category: Self help

Publisher: John Hunt Publishing ISBN: 978-1-78279-439-4

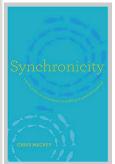
Price: £10.99



The author of this excellent work is a lifestyle coach, but has also been through the mill herself so what she says has real relevance because she has been there and come out of the other side. 'Burnout', both emotional and physical, is an increasingly common problem in all walks of life and given the rat-race fuelled and stress filled way we live now combined with the often unreasonable pressures on the individual to succeed, this is hardly surprising.

Burnout can be painful and damaging, not only to the individual but to those closest to them, it is far from pleasant. The book gives first class, sensible and practical advice on the symptoms to look out for, and more importantly, what to do about them.

All it needs is the courage to actually go and do it and Morris actually takes you by the hand and shows you how; it's not difficult and that's the beauty of the book. As one who has been there and worn the T-shirt, your reviewer can attest to the common sense advice and wisdom in these pages, so go and buy it, it might just save your life.



Title: Synchronicity: Empower Your Life with the Gift of Coincidence

Author: Chris Mackey Publisher: Watkins Publishing ISBN: 978-1-78028-795-9

Price: £9.99



I suppose your reviewer should declare an interest, because I have repeatedly experienced the amazing phenomenon of synchronicity throughout my life and I am certain this is involves much more than happenstance and coincidence. In other words there are very real (albeit unknown) subtle drivers behind these individual events that cause them to happen. In this fascinating new book, successful Australian psychologist Chris Mackey sets out his case that there has to be much more behind it than chance.

He suggests, and with good evidence to prove it, that we seem to be able to make external reality somehow agree with our own internal view, in other words we can in a sense manipulate reality and this could almost be likened to magic. Mackey quotes some of the classic examples of synchronicity first presented by Carl Jung (i.e. an almost paranormal timing of events which seem to go beyond coincidence and pure chance), plus several that have emerged in his dealings with his own patients.

Mackey regards synchronicity as a form of transcendent experience and opines that we should learn to use it for our benefit as a treatment for various psychological conditions like depression. As one would expect he touches on a range of factors to do this, including the many startling anomalies of particle physics and the many seeming impossibilities that exist in the realm of the infinitesimally small.

This immensely exciting and readable book drives a horse and cart through the dry claims of the rationalists and is a truly excellent example of science, psychiatry and the supernatural blended into a beautifully plausible whole. Heartily recommended.









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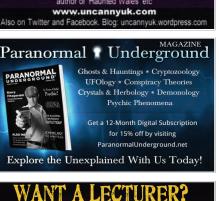
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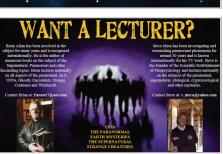
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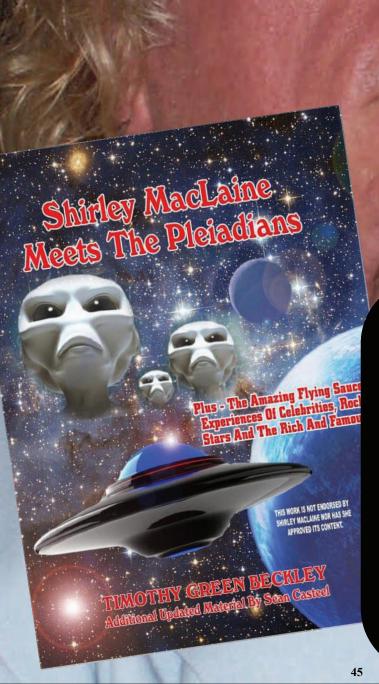






AND AWAY WE GO...

The night Jackie Gleason saw the corpses of the little men from 'Mars'



Taken out of the realm of urban myth, this twice told tale can finally be confirmed!

Yes, indeed, it's time to set the record straight, thanks to a little help from an expatriate friend of mine now residing with his family in the UK. For years, rumors had swirled about in UFOlogical circles that the late comedian Jackie Gleason was among a handful who had witnessed something so rare and so bizarre that their experience defies rationality to the point where utter disbelief sets in and the story has got to be denied in order to keep one's sanity.

My recently released book, 'SHIRLEY MACLAINE MEETS THE PLEIADIANS, PLUS THE AMAZING FLYING SAUCER EXPERIENCES OF CELEBRITIES, ROCK STARS AND THE RICH AND FAMOUS', had once again started to stir up a hornet's nest of controversy when I realized I would have to take it upon myself to settle the issue now and forever.

I was slated to appear June 16, 2015, as a guest on **Coast to Coast AM** with host George Noory.

The main topic for the evening was scheduled to be Celebrities and UFOs. There was, in particular, one celebrity-related UFO incident that I wanted to get into, but in order to do so I had to call upon my old friend and homey in UFOland, Larry Warren. I had previously discussed this episode in some detail with mutual friend Peter Robbins on my podcast, "Unraveling The Secrets" — https://www.youtube.com/my_videos?o=U

But we need to go back a few years to a more "innocent" time in UFOlogy when things were a bit less confusing and more cut and dried than they are today in a field that some would consider to be a deeply ingrained part of an ongoing cosmic media circus.

Way back in the mid-1960s, I got a letter in

the mail from Jackie Gleason Productions, Hollywood, Florida, ordering a copy of a mimeographed book, UFOS AROUND THE WORLD, I had put together. This, to me, was confirmation of what I had heard for a long time . . . that "the Great One" was personally involved in researching UFOs. Supposedly – and I've since found out that this is true - Gleason had one of the largest UFO and metaphysical libraries in private hands. The collection of thousands of volumes was known to stretch from floor to ceiling and included numerous rare titles. In the 1950s, when Gleason was still doing his network TV show in New York, he would frequently drop into the studios of WOR Radio at 1440 Broadway to sit around an open microphone all night and exchange words with "experts" in the UFO field. A personal friend of Long John Nebel, the talk show radio pioneer, Gleason would often use harsh language to "put to rest" those incredible fanciful details of trips aboard UFOs to other planets that he personally did not "buy." And while he was not a believer in the stories told by such contactees as George Adamski and others who claimed they had been to Mars and Venus, he didn't dispute the fact that something strange was indeed flying around over our heads.

The reason for his belief was simple: Gleason had sighted UFOs on at least two occasions that he was willing to admit to in public. Both sightings took place near Miami and convinced the big man that "these were definitely not objects made on our planet. They weren't secret weapons but were solid craft." Gleason added that "on both occasions, the UFOs reflected the rays of the sun and were low enough for me to determine that they could not be explained by ordinary means." "Okay! So he had two sightings," you might say, "but what could be the big deal about that?"

Well, here's where the tale gets a bit wilder. A story circulated by Gleason's exwife, Beverly, has Jackie actually viewing the bodies of several aliens who died when their craft crashed in the Southwest. The story was carried originally in "The National Enquirer," and though Beverly Gleason later confirmed it to members of the press who were able to track her down, independent confirmation of Gleason's supposed experience – for the longest time – could not be obtained.



Now, with the striking revelations of a young man who knew Gleason personally, it can safely be said that such an event did take place. Most of those reading this will instantly recognize the name Larry Warren. Warren was an Airman First Class stationed at Bentwaters Air Force Base in England (a NATO installation staffed mainly by U.S. servicemen) when an incredible series of events took place over Christmas week of 1980.

A UFO was picked up on radar and subsequently came down just outside the perimeter of the base in a dense forest. On the first of several nights of confrontation with the Unknown, three security police ventured into the area and came across an eerie-looking object hovering just above the ground. One of the MPs was mesmerized by the UFO and was unable to move for nearly an hour. While in this mental state, he received some sort of telepathic message that the craft would return. For the next few nights, up to 80 U.S. servicemen, British policemen, as well as civilians from some nearby farms, witnessed an historic event. According to Larry Warren, who stood within feet of this craft from another world, three occupants came out of the ship and actually communicated with a high ranking member of the U.S. Air Force.

This close encounter at Bentwaters has become the subject of several books (see

"From Out Of The Blue," Jenny Randles, Inner Light Publications) and has been given wide publicity on CNN, Home Box Office and "Unsolved Mysteries." Warren has, in a sense, become somewhat of a celebrity himself as he remains in the public eye, willing to talk about what he observed. He has even been at odds with other members of the Bentwaters "observation party" who have altered their stories and denied for a time that Larry was even stationed at the base when this all went down - while in truth Warren was the original whistle-blower who ignited a firestorm by revealing what happened over a period of three days almost four decades

But the Bentwaters incident is not the theme of this intriguing story, but only serves as a form of backup validation. "Jackie Gleason was interested in hearing my story firsthand," Warren reiterated on Coast to Coast AM - almost exactly what he had said for the pages of my book. "In May 1986, I was living in Connecticut and both CNN and HBO had run pieces on the Bentwaters case. Through mutual friends who knew members of his family, I was told that Gleason would like to talk with me privately in his home in Westchester County. So the meeting was set for a Saturday when we would both have some time to relax."

One can almost imagine three million listeners across North America began listening more intently, perhaps turning up the audio a bit as Warren spoke from his home in Great Britain. After being formally introduced, the two men ventured into Gleason's recreation room, complete with pool table and full-size bar. "There were hundreds of UFO books all over the place," Warren remembered, "but Jackie was quick to tell me that this was only a tiny portion of his entire collection, which was housed in his home in Florida."



It wasn't until after Warren had downed a few beers and Gleason had had a number of drinks — "his favorite Rob Roys" — that the conversation really got down to brass tacks. "At some point, Gleason turned to me and said, 'I want to tell you something very amazing that will probably come out some day anyway. We've got 'em!' 'Got what?' I wanted to know. 'Aliens!' Gleason sputtered, catching his breath."

According to Warren, Jackie proceeded to tell him the intriguing set of circumstances that led him to the stunning conclusion that extraterrestrials have arrived on our cosmic shores. "It was back when Nixon was in office that something truly amazing happened to me," Gleason explained.

"We were close golfing buddies and had been out on the golf course all day when, somewhere around the 15th hole, the subject of UFOs came up. Not many people know this, but the President shares my interest in this matter and has a large collection of books in his home on UFOs just like I do. For some reason, however, he never really took me into his confidence about what he personally knew to be true.

. one of the reasons being that he was usually surrounded by so many aides and advisers."

Later that night, matters changed radically when Richard Nixon showed up at Gleason's house around midnight. "He was all alone for a change. There were no secret service agents with him or anyone else. I said, 'Mr. President, what are you doing here?' and he said he wanted to take me someplace and show me something." Gleason got into the President's private car and they sped off into the darkness, their destination being Homestead Air Force Base. "I remember we got to the gate and this young MP came up to the car to look to see inside and his jaw seemed to drop a foot when he saw who was behind the wheel. He just sort of pointed and we headed off."

Warren says that later Gleason found out that the secret service was going absolutely crazy trying to find out where Nixon was. "We drove to the very far end of the base in a segregated area," Gleason went on, "finally stopping near a well-guarded building. The security police saw us coming and just sort of moved back as we passed them and entered the structure.

"There were a number of labs we passed through first before we entered a section where Nixon pointed out what he said was the wreckage from a flying saucer, enclosed in several large cases." Gleason admitted that his initial reaction was that this was all a joke brought on by their earlier conversation on the golf course.

But it wasn't! As Gleason soon learned. "Next, we went into an inner chamber and there were six or eight of what looked like glass-topped Coke freezers. Inside them were the mangled remains of what I took to be children. Then, upon closer examination, I saw that some of the other figures looked quite old. Most of them were terribly mangled as if they had been in an accident." According to Larry Warren's testimony regarding his lengthy conversation with Gleason, the comic said, "All in all, it was a very



If Jackie said so, it must be true: Gleason spills the beans on the Feds.



pathetic sight. At one point, the President had tears in his eyes, and finally I realized that this was not his way of trying to be humorous."

Warren tried to pin down Gleason for additional information as to how the military had managed to obtain the wreckage and alien corpses. He wanted to know if they might possibly be from the crash of a disc near Roswell, New Mexico, which had been spoken of so often in the literature. "But Jackie could only shake his head and say he didn't know for sure, since President Nixon didn't really fill him in on too many of the details surrounding this very weird display. Gleason did give me a bit more information on the beings themselves. "He said they were very small, no more than three feet tall. Had grayishcolored skin and slanted eyes that were very deeply set. I forget whether he said they had three or four fingers on each hand, but they definitely were not human . . . of this he was most certain!"

For three weeks following his trip with Nixon to Homestead Air Force Base, the world famous entertainer couldn't sleep and couldn't eat. "Jackie told me that he was very traumatized by all of this.

He just couldn't understand why our government wouldn't tell the public all they knew about UFOs and space visitors. He said he even drank more heavily than usual until he could regain some of his composure and come back down to everyday reality."

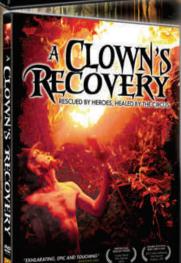
Larry Warren is pretty sure that Gleason wasn't lying to him. "You could tell that he was very sincere; he took the whole affair very seriously, and I could tell that he wanted to get the matter off his chest, and this was why he was telling me all of this." And, as far as Larry Warren was concerned, the Great One's personal testimony only added extra credibility to his own firsthand experience with aliens while he was in the service. "Jackie felt just like I do that the government needs to 'come clean' and tell us all it knows about space visitors. It's time they stopped lying to the public and release all the evidence they have. When they do, then we'll all be able to see the same things the late Jackie Gleason did!" Hopefully this day may arrive soon.

At the end of the Coast to Coast AM interview with Larry, and before I was to go back on for another hour of discussion and phone calls, Warren was invited to come back onto the show by George Noory, to which Larry Warren quipped, "Well, it's only taken 35 years to be invited on," referring to the fact that everyone else involved in the Bentwaters incident had been in front of the Coast microphones numerous times. Noory, the listeners and myself all saw the humor in this and got a chuckle out of Larry's snippet of sarcasm. But we did bring clarification to a very serious topic - that Jackie Gleason did see some sort of strange beings not of this dimension or plane of reality.

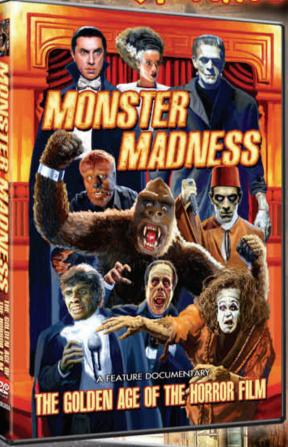
John Herbert "Jackie" Gleason (February 26, 1916 – June 24, 1987).

ENTER A DOMAIN WHERE STRANGE IS NORMAL

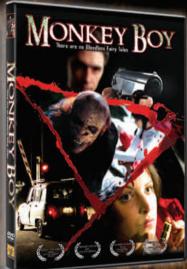


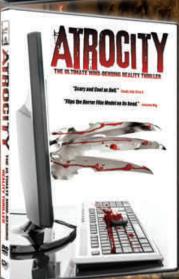


















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